THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NEMESIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

[In the Epodes of Horace is a little poem addressed by him to his countrymen, on the breaking out of a civil war. It is curious because the poet goes far back into Roman history, to assign a cause for the thirst for mutual bloodshed—namely to the crime committed by one of the founders of the city in raising his hand against the life of the other. It was, says Horace, the wrong done by a brother against a brother—it was the blood of the unoffending Remus which, by the doom of fate, infected the minds of the later Romans with the guilty frenzy that led to the civil war. The following is a pretty close version of the poem:]

Horace Epodes Carmen VII.

Ha! whither rush ye, to what deeds of guilt?
Why draw the sword again?
Has not enough of Latian blood been spilt
To crimson land and main?

Not with proud Carthage was ye now to set
Her turrets in a blaze;
Nor fight to lead the Briton, tameless yet,
Chained on the public ways;

But that our country, at the Parthian's prayer,
May perish, self-o'erthrown.
The wolf and tiger was not thus, they spare
Their kindred, each his own.

What moves ye thus? blind fury, heaven's decree,
Or restless guilt? Reply.
They answer not; upon their faces, see,
Horror and paleness lie;

Fate and the wrong against a brother wrought
Have caused this guilty rage;
The blood of unoffending Remus brought
This curse upon our age.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE SCOUTS.

Probably no region of the globe ever presented more attractions to the genuine hunter and lover of the backwoods, than the territory known as Kentucky previous to its settlement by the race that now holds possession of its soil. Its location, happily intermediate between the extremes of heat and cold, afforded a most congenial climate, its surface was diversified by steep hills and deep valleys, stupendous cliffs and marshy levels, dense woods and flowery glades, immense canebrakes and tangled brakes, large streams and wonderful licks, and hither came all the beasts of the forest, to roam in unrestrained freedom through wilds seldom trod by human feet, and gay-plumed songsters from every region swept along the balmy air and made the sylvan retreats ring with their silvery strains. When first discovered by the white man, no human beings claimed ownership of this enchanting land. The red man of the North, and the red man of the South, came here to hunt and fight; but the victor bore off his spoils, and the vanquished went back in dismay, and neither put up his wigwam on the neutral ground. For years after its discovery by the white man, Kentucky could not boast a hundred of the race within its borders; but then the tide of emigration set in strongly toward this western land of promise, and a few years more beheld its broad surface dotted here and there with the rude fortresses and dwellings of incipient civilization. Every step forward, however, was marked with blood. The red man was jealous of the white, and there was for a long period an almost continuous, fierce, and sanguinary struggle for the mastery; while the midnight yells, the wailing shrieks and the burning homes, too often proclaimed the horrid work of death and desolation.

The middle period between the first discovery of Kentucky and that happy time when the savage hordes of the North no longer found their way within her limits, is the one we have chosen for the opening of our story. At this time there were a number of established forts or stations in different sections, some of which had been sorely tried by long, fierce sieges, and all of which had been more or less attacked; and there were a still larger number of solitary block-houses and ordinary log-cabins scattered over the country, the owners and inmates of which had boldly ventured upon the chances of living and cultivating their lands beyond the protecting power of a collected body of their fellow beings. The Indians, in large and small parties, had made frequent incursions within the limits occupied by the settlers, sometimes with success and sometimes with defeat, and there was no telling what moment they might again appear and assail those who had thus far escaped discovery and harm. Such in brief was the general condition of the country at the time we present to notice the opening scene of our drama of life.

On a calm and beautiful day, just after the heats of summer had been succeeded by the cooler and more bracing airs of autumn, two men, in the garb of border hunters, were pushing their way through a dense thicket of cane, in what is now one of the northeastern counties of Kentucky. There was no path through this brake, the cane of which was at least twelve feet high, and grew so close that our adventurers were forced to part the stalks with their hands to make a passage for their bodies. For something like an hour they toiled on in this manner, with scarcely a word being exchanged, when they suddenly emerged into an open wood, where the ground, clear of bushes and vines, presented a beautiful carpet of green grass and bright flowers, and the trees, in orchard-like regularity, stretched upward their huge trunks, interlocked their heavy branches, and spread deeply over all a delightful canopy of leaves.

"There," exclaimed the younger of the two, as he made a nimble leap from the cane-brake into the open wood, and threw out his arms and brought down the breech of his rifle with an air of satisfaction, "thank Heaven, I have got where I can breathe again! Ah! what a *beautiful*, enchanting place!" he added, with enthusiasm, as his quick, bright eye took in the scene; "a regular Eden! Tom, I must make a sketch of it!"

"You'd better make tracks out on't!" growled the other, as he went stalking forward in the most unromantic manner possible. "You want to sketch everything you see, and some day you'll hev a bloody savage sketch off the top of your head."

"Bah!" cried the younger, with a slight pout of his lips and a roguish twinkle of his bright blue eyes; "there is no more poetry in you, Tom, than there is in a possum!"

"Wall, don't a possum know all as natur' wanted him to?" queried Tom, half-facing round, but still stalking onward.

"I suppose so," smiled the other.

"Then what's the use?" returned the woodsman, with a satisfied grunt. "I spect picters and poetry is well enough in thar places, in some old finiky settlement, whar they sleep in feather beds and git skeered at thar shadders; but out he-yar, they're no more use nor wings is to tadpoles."

"That is your sage opinion, Tom!" replied the young man, with a good-natured smile; "but, fortunately for me, everybody don't think as you do. Different people have different tastes and educations."

"Wall, I never had *any* edication," rejoined Tom, with an air of simplicity, "'cept what I picked up in the woods; and what's the use? I had a tomahawk for a plaything when I war a baby, and a rifle for a bed-feller; and when I growed up along, I larnt to use 'em on beasts and Injuns. I kin hunt, fish, row, trail Injuns and steal hosses; I kin tell a skunk from a beaver, a persimmon tree from a white-oak, a turkey-buzzard from a chicken, and what more d'ye want? One man can't know everything, I spect."

"Of course not," laughed the other; "and I suppose I like you quite as well as if you were filled with poetry and romance, and went into ecstacies over every beautiful scene in nature. The fact is, as I'm something of an enthusiast, I suppose it wouldn't do for me to have a companion like myself out here in this Indian country!"

"Not ef you spect to keep your head on your shoulders, and your ha'r on top on't, Harry Colburn!" rejoined the other, with a broad grin.

While thus conversing, the elder continued to lead the way with long and rapid strides, as if anxious to reach some given point at a certain time, and the younger followed on a few paces behind him. The route pursued led directly through the open wood, then down into a deep, rocky hollow, through which flowed a rapid, roaring streamlet, and then up a bush-covered ridge to a ledge of rocks that crowned its summit, and from which the eye took in a range of diversified country, filled with picturesque and beautiful scenes.

"Oh, Tom," cried the younger, as he leaped upon the highest rock, "I don't care what you say, but I'm going to make a sketch here, if I die for it. Take a seat, Mr. Sturgess, and make yourself comfortable for a few minutes, and then I'll positively agree not to bother you again to-day."

"Wall," returned the other, eyeing the young man with a rough kind of fondness, such as an indulgent father sometimes bestows upon a spoiled child, "I spect you'll hev your way in spite of me; but remember, ef we don't git to the place in time, and anything haps to the colonel's darter, the fault arn't mine—for this he-yar makes the tenth time you've stopped for pictur' fooleries sence we left the station!"

"That is true!" rejoined the young artist, half disposed to thrust back into the deep pocket of his hunting-shirt the drawing materials he had already brought forth. "But then," he added, as he threw his eyes over the beautiful landscape, "I'll just make a rough sketch, to fill up from memory, and will only keep you a few minutes."

With this he commenced his work, moving his pencil in a very rapid manner over the paper. While he is thus employed, and the rough woodsman is impatiently waiting, we will take occasion to briefly describe the personal appearance and say a word of the early history of both.

Henry Colburn, the young artist, was a tall, slender, well-formed young man of two-and-twenty. He had long, light hair, that fell gracefully down around his neck and shoulders, dark blue eyes, and a very animated, intelligent, prepossessing countenance. If anything, his smooth, almost beardless face, was rather too effeminate for manly beauty; yet the thin, well-chiseled nose, firm-set mouth, close, compressed lips, and round, prominent chin denoted unusual strength of character, and, taken in connection with his broad, noble forehead, and clear, soul-beaming eye, bespoke the high-toned principles, resolution and courage of the innate gentleman—for indeed men are *born* gentlemen, just the same as they are poets, artists, or musicians. There was enthusiasm in the young man, and a deep love of nature in all her many forms—from the holy beauty of a glorious sunset, to the sublime grandeur of the thundering storm—from the placid quiet of the dreamy lake, to the deafening roar of the mighty cataract—from the level plain of billowy grain, or waving blade and flower, to the rugged steeps of towering mountain and precipitous ledge. He was brimful of poetry, for his soul drew inspiration from all around him. He was as artless as a child, tender as a woman, gentle as a fawn, and yet possessed the real courage of a lion. Judging from appearance, you would have said the perilous wilderness was no place for him; and yet few there were, among the iron-nerved men of that region and time, who could equal him in bravery, or surpass him in endurance. The youngest son of a wealthy Virginian, (who prided himself on his adherence to the English Crown, and believed in the right of sole inheritance for the eldest male branch,) he had received a good education and little else, and had then boldly struck off into the wilderness, to carve out a fortune for himself. In company with a small, but intrepid, band of adventurers, he had travelled hundreds of miles to reach the land of promise; and during the two years which had since passed, he had roved from one extreme of the territory to the other; had mingled freely with the rough borderers, sleeping in stations and camping in forests; had hunted wild beasts; had trailed savages and fought them; and, in short, had made himself a universal favorite among a class of people whose attachments were rarely secured without merit. In his various wanderings he had fallen in with an old hunter and scout, his present companion, Thomas Sturgess by name—though more familiarly known among the borderers as Rough Tom—with whom he had been a daily companion for the last six months, and between whom and himself there existed an intimacy and bond of affection that seemed very remarkable, considering how widely opposite they were in appearance, disposition, manners, habits, mind and education. Young Henry was a poetical enthusiast—old Tom was a practical woodsman. The one lived half his existence in an ideal realm—the other never lost sight of the fact that his scalp was in danger.

The old hunter was a far better representative of the borderers of that region than the young poet-artist. His appearance was not prepossessing. He was rising of forty years of age, and possessed a large, heavy frame, full of bone and sinew. His strength was great, and his physical endurance equal to any man living. His face was covered with a dull, reddish beard, and his long, matted hair was of a similar color. His nose was short and broad, and his mouth large, with massive jaws. His eyes were small and dark, and gleamed out through the thick, shaggy brows like two coals of fire. He was unlettered and superstitious, for his whole life had been passed in the wilderness. He was rough and uncouth in every sense of the term, and yet he had his good points, and was rather a favorite than otherwise with the settlers of Kentucky. He was always true to his friends; was a good hunter and trailer, and knew the wilderness thoroughly; was brave without being rash, and bold without being fool-hardy; was skillful, resolute, decided, energetic, and withal a good Indian *hater*. For the last year he had been employed by the authorities, convened at Harrod's Station, to act as Indian scout and spy along the Ohio river, for the better protection of parties coming down in boats, and to warn the more exposed settlers of any signs of savage incursion. His last instructions had been to join some five or six other scouts and spies, at a place called Limestone, (now Maysville,) and proceed with them to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, there to meet and act as escort to a small company of Virginians, the majority of them women and children, who were coming out to unite with their relatives and make their future home in the wilderness. One of these, the daughter of a colonel who held a prominent position among the borderers, and with respect to whom the old woodsman and his companion had received a special charge, was the lady he had alluded to in the conversation recorded.

The dress of our two adventurers was such as was usually worn by the borderers of that day—a hat of felt, a hunting-shirt of linsey-woolsey, with a broad cape gayly fringed, leggins of deer-skin, trimmed down the outer seams, and moccasins of the same material. A strong belt around the waist supported tomahawk and hunting-knife; while under the right arm was slung the powder-horn, and under the left the bullet-pouch. Across the shoulders were strapped a small knapsack and blanket, which were generally carried on a long journey like the present. Each of course was provided with a good rifle, for that in the wilderness was always a necessary weapon to supply the hunter with food and defend him against wild beasts and savages.

The few minutes asked for by the young artist had extended to an hour, and he was still busy, his eyes ever and anon glancing at the scene before him, and his pencil moving rapidly over the paper. During this time the old hunter had not disturbed him by a word; but he was now evidently becoming quite impatient—turning restlessly from side to side, looking often at the sun, and playing nervously with the lock of his rifle. At last he started to his feet, with his favorite exclamation:

"Whar's the use?"

"Only a few minutes more, Tom, my good friend!" said Henry, in a pleading tone.

"I spect that's till sundown!" growled the woodsman.

"Oh, no, upon my honor! only a few minutes more!" said Henry. "See! I am almost done?"

"Look a he-yar, younker," rejoined Tom, "you know I hates to disturb you when you're at your finikies; but it arn't right for me to squat around doing nothing, when every minute's wanted; and though I don't like to say nothing to hurt your feelings, yet I will say, that this has got to be the last time with your sort of foolery afore we git to jine the t'other scouts, or else I'll tramp on and leave you!"

"Very well, Tom, this shall be the last time!" promised Henry.

"Wall, then, go ahead! and as I know you'll want a good hour at least, I'll jest drop down behind the hill here, and see if I can't strike a leetle fresh meat for supper."

"Ay, do, Tom, that's a good soul! and by the time you get back, I'll be ready to start!" said Henry.

The old hunter disappeared, and the young artist went on with his sketch, his mind becoming so completely absorbed with his work that the time passed by unnoticed. Had he been put under oath, he could not have told whether it was five minutes, fifteen, or thirty, after Tom left, when he heard the crack of a rifle in the direction the latter had gone. Shortly after this he was startled by a wild, prolonged shriek, that sounded as if made by the throat of a woman. He stopped and listened, but heard no more. What could it mean? Surely such a strange, fearful scream as that never issued from the lips of a man, much less from those of Tom; and if from another, did it not indicate distress, or bode danger? Thrusting his unfinished drawing into his pocket, Henry caught up his rifle, ready to assist another or defend himself, and then threw his eyes rapidly over the whole scene, but more searchingly in the direction from which the sound had reached him. His eye rested upon rocks, hills, trees and bushes; but the only living thing he saw, was a large black bird, of the vulture species, which was lazily flapping its way above the tops of the trees in the valley below. As there was nothing for him to do till he could hear or see more, he remained for some ten or fifteen minutes on the watch, wondering over the mystery, when suddenly the old hunter made his appearance, coming up the side of the hill opposite to that of his descent. He looked like a man who had received a terrible fright, and threw himself down on a rock and drew a long breath without saying a word.

CHAPTER II.

THE PHANTOM.

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, what is it? what's the matter?" cried the wondering Henry, running up to him.

The old woodsman slowly turned his eyes upon the young man, with a strange kind of a stare, and said, with solemn earnestness, and a perceptible shudder:

"I've seed it, Harry!"

"Seen what?"

"And heerd it too!"

"Heard what, Tom?"

"Thar's no denying it, younker, 'cept I leaves out every sense I've got!"

"Well, Tom, don't sit there mystifying me, but tell me at once what you've seen and heard! I heard something, too—a wild shriek, like a woman."

"That's it!" cried Tom, grasping the young man's arm and glancing quickly around, as if he half expected to see some fearful apparition start up beside him; "that's it! but it warn't no woman; it warn't nothing human, nor 'arthly—no, sir, it warn't!"

"Do tell me then what it was?"

"Don't know, Harry," replied Tom, with a lugubrious face and dubious shake of the head; "and what's more, thar don't nobody. It's been seed afore, by old hunters and scouts, and al'ays fetches bad luck to them as looks on't, or hears it; but nobody can't tell what it ar'—whar it comes from, or whar it goes to!"

"Oh, you mean the Forest Wonder, or Demon, or Phantom, that has scared so many courageous fellows?"

"That's what I mean!" said Tom, emphatically. "I seed it, sir, close to me as I is to you, jibbering and shrieking right in my face; and how I'm here to tell on't, ar' a special wonder and a mystery—for though I says it myself as shouldn't, I war so skeered that its amazing I didn't die right thar in my tracks!"

"Pray tell me all about it, Tom!" said Henry, glancing sharply around him, with a look that showed he was prepared for a startling narration—for though not given to all the wild, ignorant superstitions of the time, he was in a condition to admit there might be strange things happen that could not be accounted for by human philosophy.

Within the past year he had heard rough borderers, around their camp-fires, tell of a strange apparition that had been seen in wild places, in the depth of the wilderness; and though he had been far from crediting all they had said concerning the wonder, or drawing the same superstitious conclusions as themselves, yet he had not been so skeptical as to suppose it was all mere imagination because he had not seen it himself. He believed there had been something seen, bearing the human form, which had suddenly and mysteriously appeared and disappeared; and now he had just had evidence, through his own sense of hearing, of some creature, with a voice like a woman's, having been near him, and he was about to have the testimony of a friend, who had both seen and heard, added to all the rest.

"You see," said Tom, "I war down in the valley thar, hunting so'thing for our supper, whilst you were fooling up he-yar, when my eye lit on what I tuk for a deer, and I fired and dropped it. I didn't kill it dead, you see, and I run up and cut its throat, and then got down and went to cutting out the best part for our feed. I'd just got a nice, juicy piece tuk out and put aside, when down come the strangest thing in natur', ker wallup, right on to me and the brute, knocking me over as ef I'd been struck by a falling tree. I jumped up, thinking it war a Injun; but when I seed it, I knowed it warn't nothing human. It looked some'at like a woman, but war all kivered with scales and ha'r like a fish—"

"A fish don't have *hair*, Tom!" interrupted Henry.

"Wall, this critter had," went on Tom, "and eyes like coals of fire, that almost burnt into me; and sich teeth! and sich claws! the Lord be marciful! Whew! Whar's the use? I can't describe nothing. Think of the devil, and put all you kin fancy to it! Wall, sir, it pounced on to the chunk of meat that I'd cut off for our supper, and, jibbering and grinning right in my face, it gin a shriek, like ten thousand wild cats, and shot off in a streak of fire and smoke!"

"Where did it go to?"

"The Lord knows, Harry! I only knows that I come he-yar about as quick as my pins would do it."

"You didn't fire at it then?"

"Fire? Whar's the use? My rifle warn't loaded; and ef it had been, no ball would hev teched that thing!"

"Pshaw! you were scared, Tom!"

"And whar's the man that wouldn't a been, with the devil stealing his supper?" said Tom, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I tell you, Harry, I've been in some ticklish fixes afore now, when I didn't spect my life was wo'th a cud of tobacker, but I never had nothing take me down like that! Say, ar' my ha'r scorched anywhar?"

"Not that I can perceive," smiled Henry.

"You needn't grin, younker," growled Tom, rather testily, "for I tell you it's a marcy it warn't all burnt off, it war so infernal hot, jest as ef a ball of lightning had whirled round my head! Now I think on't, I believe I smelt brimstone!"

"Tom, you go too far," said Henry, gravely. "I am prepared to admit you saw something frightful, but I am not so sure the apparition was supernatural. Might it not have been some kind of a beast resembling a human being? something like those I've read about inhabiting the wilds of Africa? a large baboon, for instance?"

"Woof h!" exclaimed Tom, contemptuously; "ef thar war any flesh and blood about the thing, d'ye 'spose I'd a got skeered at it?"

"But it carried off flesh and blood, Tom, according to your own account, and what do you suppose a hobgoblin would want with a chunk of deer-meat?"

"I don't know, younker—I didn't ax no questions. Whar's the use? How do you spect an animal would have jumped down from the skies, like that did?"

"Were there no trees around you?"

"Wall, what of 'em?"

"Could it not have leaped down from one of them?"

"Thar's no use talking to you!" cried Tom, rather angrily, springing up and beginning to load his rifle—a precaution he had so far neglected. "You're good on pictur's and gineral finikies, but I knows a beaver from a buffaler, or a stump-tailed dorg from a hole in the ground!"

Henry made no immediate reply, and nothing more was said till Rough Tom had finished reloading his rifle.

"I should like to see the spot where this

at length.

"Follor me, Harry!" returned the other; "for I'll jest go back thar with any man as lives—though I'd rather face a half-a-dozen Shawnees nor see it ag'in!"

"Did you not say it was bad luck to see or hear this strange creature?" queried the young artist, as the two carefully picked their way down the hill.

"Yes, that's what they say!" was the answer. "Thar war Jim Turner and Bill Sprouts as seed it, about six months ago, down on the Salt; and Jim he got killed and scalped the next week; and Bill tuk the measles and haint been well sence. Then thar war one-legged Pete, as seed it down at Big Bone Lick; and the next day he war chased by Injuns, and had a tight run for 't, and the week arter he was nigh killed by a wounded stag that turned on him. Then thar war Ephe Sikes, as— But whar's the use? We'll hev so'thing orful arter it, sure! I wouldn't wonder now ef I'd run into the Shawnees, tumble over a precipice, or cotch the small-pox!"

When Rough Tom and his companion reached the spot where the former had killed the deer, not a particle of the carcass was to be seen.

"Thar it lay," said the old woodsman, with an air of solemn mystery, as he pointed to some blood on the ground, "and I, war right stop on't, when the—the—*thing* pounced down!"

"I see! from that large tree right above?"

"Spect thar is a tree thar," returned Tom, rubbing his eyes, as if to remove all doubts, "though I'd a swore it it war all clean sky."

"And doubtless you would be willing to swear to many things that are not exactly gospel!" returned the other. "Well, the deer is gone, you see! and, my life on it, whatever took it away, was of flesh and blood! Can't we trail it, Tom? See! here is the print of a human foot!"

"You kin, ef you want to go off in a blaze of brimstone!" growled Tom; "but I wouldn't trail it for all you're wo'th, or ever spects to be—no, sir! Come! whar's the use? Let's put off, and git as fur as we kin from this place afore sundown!"

"Lead on then!" rejoined the young man; and without any further words, the old hunter pushed into the nearest thicket, and went forward, with long and rapid strides—the other, as was his custom, following close behind him.

Just as the sun was setting, and they were thinking about a place to camp for the night, some three or four deer came bounding past. Quick as thought, the old woodsman had his rifle to his shoulder and the trigger pulled—but the piece missed fire.

"I knowed it," he said, with a mysterious shake of his head; "it all comes of that cussed Phantom! and I shouldn't wonder ef we starved to death!"

"Look to your priming, Tom, and don't let the Phantom take away all your wits!" said Henry, half vexed and half amused at the whimsical superstitions of the other. "If you go on this way at every trifle, you will not be fit for the woods, but only for some feather-bed settlement, as you say!"

"Not a single kernal in be-yar," said Tom, as he opened the pan of his rifle, "and I know I filled it."

"Well, then, put some in, and be ready for the next time!" rejoined Henry. "I'm sorry you missed fire, for I'm as hungry as a bear, and I'm afraid we shall not get another shot to-day."

"Thar's a leetle jerked meat left," said Tom, "and we'll hev to put up with that. I wouldn't wonder ef that cussed thing had bewitched this old rifle so's she'll never go off ag'in."

"If it won't go off any other way, you can carry it off!" laughed Henry.

"Woofh!" grunted Tom; "whar's the use?"

It was vexatious to think they had twice missed a good supper, but there was no help for it now, and they were obliged to camp and put up with the food they carried in their knapsacks. They selected a dry spot, on the side of a hill, near a spring of good water, but did not kindle a fire, as they had nothing to cook, and the weather was not cold enough to render it necessary. Although Tom was full of evil predictions, nothing occurred through the night to disturb them, and at the first streak of day they got up and resumed their journey. Before noon they came upon a bear digging roots, and Tom told his companion if it were not for his rifle being bewitched he could kill the animal easily enough.

"Suppose you try it, at all events!" said Henry.

"I will," returned the other, bringing his piece to his shoulder as he spoke, "of only to show you it arn't of no use."

He pulled the trigger, and, to his great astonishment, a sharp report followed, and the bear dropped.

This success in a great measure restored the spirits of the old woodsman.

"Thar arn't no spell on't now," he said, with a grim smile, "and the critter went down like old times."

The bear, though not killed outright, was speedily dispatched; and our adventurers started a fire, toasted slices of the meat, and made a hearty meal. They took off the skin of the beast, and carried it with them, and also a portion of the carcass, to serve them for the two following meals. They made a long journey that day, passed the night without mishap, and by noon on the morrow had reached in safety the hills overlooking the fort at Limestone, on the Ohio river, where they soon after joined the hardy men who were to accompany them on their journey to the mouth of the Great Kanawha.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGERS.

At the period of which we are writing, much of the emigration from Virginia into Kentucky came down the Great Kanawha in boats to the Ohio, down the Ohio to Limestone, (now Maysville,) and thence completed the journey into the interior by land. This was one of the best routes for easy transportation of goods and chattels, but was very dangerous, owing to the fact that the Indians held possession of the territory stretching away from the northern bank of the Ohio, and were generally on the watch to decoy, ambush and attack such parties as they considered inferior to themselves in strength or numbers. For decoys they had white men and women and even children—some of them prisoners, who served them on compulsion, a death of torture being the penalty for refusing to act in the manner directed—and some of them renegades—villains who had fled from justice to the savages for protection—traitors to humanity—who thus took a fiendish delight in wreaking [illegible] upon all of their nation and race. Their [illegible] calculated to deceive all but the most experienced and wa[illegible] As some boat would be quietly nosing [illegible]ry, placid river, in the peaceful stillness of a lovely day, a cry of distress would suddenly be heard from the northern shore, and a man or woman, half naked, as if his or her clothes had been rent to tatters by a hurried escape through the thickets and brambles of the wilderness, would immediately appear on the edge of the stream, and, in the most piteous tones, implore to be taken on board, declaring that he or she was in a famishing condition, in peril of recapture, and, if left there without succor, would certainly perish. It was very trying to the most experienced and cautious to resist these appeals for the aid which could so easily be rendered—for white captives did sometimes so escape, and their cries of distress were terrible realities—but whenever their humane hearts yielded to the calls for mercy, in nine cases out of ten their boat was captured by a concealed band of savages the moment it touched the shore, and themselves were either murdered on the spot, or stripped and plundered and reserved for a more horrible fate. It is true that a few wretched prisoners were at different times thus rescued through the humanity of the descending boatmen; but for every life so preserved, at least twenty were sacrificed by the wily savages, who were generally lying in ambush and using the whites for decoys. To such an extent in fact was this nefarious practice carried out, that for years before the final treaty of peace at Greenville, no descending boat, under the pilotage or control of an experienced manager, would venture to land under any circumstances whatever; and thus more than one poor, wretched wanderer, whose appeals for succor were no counterfeits, was left to perish unaided, and perhaps curse the supposed heartlessness of men and women who seemed to turn a deaf ear to his prayers.

When our scouts, seven in number, including the young artist, reached the mouth of the Great Kanawha—which they did a few days after their meeting at Limestone, without incident worthy of note—they learned from the garrison at Point Pleasant that the party they were to escort had not yet come down the river. In fact the expected boats did not make their appearance for nearly a week. They were three in number—one loaded with passengers, another with goods, and the third with horses. There were in all—men, women and children, blacks and whites—thirty-one souls, with ages ranging from seventy years down to the infant of a few months. There were twenty females, including three black slaves and seven children; and eleven males, including two stout negroes and three half-grown boys.

With most of these individuals we have only to do in a general way. They were travelling into the wilderness to meet friends and relatives, who had gone there in advance of them to make permanent homes, and in only so much as they chanced to come in contact with the more prominent characters in our drama of life will they be mentioned at all.

Among these latter, however, was one who deserves immediate attention at our hands. She was a young lady in the fresh bloom of nineteen summers, of a slender, graceful form, an intelligent, vivacious countenance, and a dark, expressive, and somewhat merry eye. Her features were regular, and her complexion almost a brunette. In repose her face was sweet and pretty; but when animated, with her bright soul gleaming out in every lineament, it was perfectly bewitching. In look, language and manner, she possessed a wonderful power of pleasing, and she knew it. There was nothing more attractive than her pretty mouth, with its full, round, half-parted lips—nothing more charming than her smile—nothing more musical than her laugh. She might have been a coquette, only that at heart she had too much principle to trifle or deceive by design; but she was young, lively and fond of admiration; and if this combination sometimes led to the same result, all the facts should be taken into consideration before the passing of a severe judgment. She was the only daughter of a man of some political distinction, who had held the rank of colonel in the American army during the war of the revolution, which had just closed. Her mother had died while she was a mere child, and her only brother had been killed at the battle of Brandywine. A maiden aunt had brought her up with strict propriety, and looked well to her education; but death had also removed this kind lady about a year before the opening of our narrative, and she was now on her way into the wilderness to join her father, who had resolved to make his future home in the heart of Kentucky and cast his lot with the people of the borders. She was attended by an old negress, who had been her nurse and was now her housekeeper; and by a young one, who had been her playmate and was now her handmaid; and so much did these servants love their young mistress, that either would have died for her. By her companions of the voyage, most of whom were persons of inferior condition in life, she was spoken of with envy or admiration, according to their different natures and dispositions, but always as one with whom they did not claim equality of station. Such in brief was Isaline Holcombe, the fair personage more than once alluded to by Rough Tom as the colonel's daughter.

As the foremost boat, containing the passengers, rounded up to the landing at Point Pleasant, Isaline was standing, with her two black girls beside her, on what might properly be styled the upper deck of the rude craft, her bright eyes cast about her with a look of curiosity and cheerful animation.

"Has we got dar now, Miss Isa?" inquired the old nurse, as she straightened up her short, squat figure, puffed out her thick lips, showed her white teeth, and displayed the whites of her large, rolling eyes on an ebony back-ground in a rather comical manner.

"If you mean our destination, Cilla, we are not half way there," good-naturedly answered her pretty young mistress.

"Spect dat's what I does mean," returned the negress, with a look that showed she was not altogether certain about the signification of the word.

"Some people axes a great many foolish questions in de course ob dar lives," put in the younger negress, a rather pretty mulatto, with a toss of her head that showed she laid claim to a decided superiority over the other.

"And some people minds dar own businesses, and doesn't trouble dar betters wid observations!" retorted Cilla, with a fierce look of defiance.

"The impedence of some people—" began the younger, when her mistress interrupted her with:

"Come, come, Rhoda—and you, too, Priscilla—no more wrangling—I'll not have it! See that young man yonder, with his back against a [illegible] and a paper in his hand, his hat thrown up [illegible] his forehead and his ride by his side—"

"Sketching!" said a [illegible] voice.

Isaline started, with a slight flush, turned, and confronted a young man who had stolen up behind her unperceived. He was perhaps five-and-twenty years of age, of a fine, symmetrical form, and wore a dress which, though in border style, was of finer materials than were generally seen in the backwoods at that period. His hat had a gay feather in it, and was looped up with silver fastenings; his hunting-frock, of bottle-green, was of cloth which had come from beyond the seas; his breeches were of the finest-dressed deer-skin; his belt was worked with wampum in fanciful devices; his hunting-knife was silver mounted; his leggins were ornamented with the quills of the porcupine; and he wore shoes, instead of moccasins, of shiny leather, which were adorned with silver buckles. His hands were soft, and two of his fingers sparkled with rings. In every respect he was a handsome man, with regular features, dark, curly hair, dark, expressive eyes, a slightly acquiline nose, and a perfect mouth; and yet, with all his manly beauty, there was a something, it was difficult to say what, which excited a secret feeling of dread, or fear, or distrust—some such feeling, in fact, as one might be supposed to experience under the fascinations of a serpent. You felt drawn to him, and yet repelled at the same time. You fancied that, however brilliant his intellect, there might be dark recesses in his soul, which human penetration could not fathom. You felt that he might dazzle—excite your wonder—your admiration, perhaps—but could never win your love. Who was he? and what was his history? No one knew beyond what he had told of himself. For the past year he had been a resident of the quiet village in Virginia where Isaline Holcombe had been born and reared. He had come there a stranger, and given his name as Charles Hampton, from England, the third son of an English lord. By birth and means he had claimed to be a gentleman, travelling partly for pleasure and partly with the view of purchasing a property and settling permanently in America. His finished manners and show of wealth, had made him an object of interest to the higher classes, and he had been cordially received on his own representation and given the *entrée* of the best society. Among other ladies of note, he had met Isaline and paid her much attention. Some thought him a suitor for her hand. Perhaps he was. At all events, no sooner had it been made known that she was to go West, to meet her father and there remain, than he had announced it as his intention of trying his fortune in the wilderness also. Uniting with those who were preparing for the same journey, he had made suitable purchases and arrangements, and was now so far on his way into the wild region of peril. Of the state of affairs between him and Isaline, it is only necessary to say that, possessing the fascinations of the coquette, though with far higher principle, she had already, young as she was, won many a heart without yet losing her own.

"I was not aware, Mr. Hampton," said Isaline, with rather marked emphasis, as she turned upon him with a slightly flushed face, "that I was putting my question to you! If you had a heavier foot, your approach might be oftener heard!"

"I trust I have given you no offence, Miss Holcombe?" he said, with a perceptible flush on his own dark features.

"Offence may be too strong a term," she answered, with dignity; "but sudden surprises are not always agreeable."

"I crave your pardon then! and if I had a pair of hob-nails, I would put them on, and stumble my way up to you!" returned Hampton, with such serio-comic earnestness, that Isaline, with the ridiculous picture forming in her mind, burst into a hearty laugh.

"I forgive you, Sir Knight of the 'Cloated Brogues'!" she cried. "But what of that fellow yonder? who is he? and what is he sketching?"

"Who he is, is more than I know," replied Hampton; "and, saving your presence, more than I care to know: some country bumpkin, no doubt, who knows how to handle his rifle better than his pencil, and his ax and hoe better than either. From his manner of looking and working, I judge he is trying to make a rough sketch of this boat and its motley passengers; but as we just now happen to be the most conspicuous figures of the group, I hope we may not be made to resemble either sheep, or cows, or even respectable bears!"

Isaline laughed merrily; and tapping her old nurse on the shoulder, she said:

"That man is drawing your likeness, Cilla: only think of your being mistaken for a cow!"

"'Fore heaben, Miss Isa, he shan't make no sich critter of dis chile!" cried the black, rolling her eyes angrily, and hurrying away, with the graceful waddle of a goose.

"And what say you to it, Rhoda?".

"Oh, I'm not a bit skeered!" replied the waiting-maid, pouting her lips in derision.

As the boat drew up to the landing, quite a large group of men, women and children, consisting of the scouts and the inmates of the fort, collected on the bank, to meet and exchange civilities with the voyagers; and in a very short time they were promiscuously mingled—a part from the shore leaping on board the boat, and a number from the boat springing upon the land. Some from both parties had met before, and these greeted each other like old friends, and there was a general feeling of cordiality among all, for such was the direct simplicity of the backwoods, where the freezing formality of fashionable usage was either not understood or wholly disregarded.

Among the foremost to leap aboard the boat, was Rough Tom, whose manner was that of a man having authority.

"Whar's the colonel's darter?" was his first inquiry, as he elbowed his way among the crowd.

Some one directed him to where Isaline was still standing, in company with Hampton, an amused and interested spectator of what was taking place, and the next minute he was by her side. Her grace and beauty, to say nothing of her dress, seemed to take him a little by surprise, and cause him more embarrassment than he had expected to feel; but he was naturally too blunt and straightforward to hesitate long about addressing any one with whom he had business. Doffing his hat, and making a rude bow—a remarkable act of polite gallantry on his part—he said:

"And so you're Colonel Holcombe's darter, hey?"

"I have the honor so to be!" returned Isaline, with polite dignity, and an inquiring look.

"Ye-es," drawled the old woodsman, fumbling with his hat, and looking directly into her face, with a kind of rude admiration, "I didn't spect [illegible] so purty a gal."

young *lady!*" spoke up Hampton, in with this tone, with a flush of anger, as if he felt there was an insult offered to one whom it was his duty to protect.

Rough Tom turned his gaze from Isaline to the speaker, and coolly and deliberately surveyed him from head to foot and from foot to head. Then a sullen frown settled on his brow, and there was a good deal of contempt in his words, as he said:

"What's that to *you!*"

"Every thing, fellow, since I claim to be this lady's protector!" quickly answered Hampton, with a flash of angry defiance.

"Who gin you the right?"

"That is *my* business, fellow!"

"Wall," growled old Tom, with a grin of contempt, "of she don't hev nothing better'n sich a popified monkey as you to purtect her through the wilderness, her scalp won't be wo'th a possum's tail to her in a week!"

"Fellow, you are insolent, and don't seem to know you are addressing a *gentleman!*" said Hampton, his temper almost getting the better of his dignity.

Tom gave a loud, contemptuous laugh; and then suddenly changing his appearance and manner to one of startling ferocity, he stepped forward, shook his finger in Hampton's face, and said in a low but terribly impressive tone:

"See he-yar, strannger—*you* don't seem to know that you're talking to a *man* that kin jest turn you inside out, like the skin of an eel, and arter that ram you down your own throat!"

"Physically, I admit, you are my superior," returned Hampton, with a somewhat quailing eye, and placing one hand on the haft of his knife; "but you will please bear in mind there are weapons that can make up for the lack of bodily strength!"

"Is it fight, strannger?" demanded the old woodsman, with a convulsive clutch of his rifle.

"No, not here, by any means!" cried Isaline, who now seemed to think it time to interfere.

"I axes your pardon, marm, for giuing my mad up for this slinking finky, and overlooking your sweet face! but you see, marm, when he begun to poke his nose in 'twixt you and me, it fotched up the devil in me as big as a catermount, and I forgot myself. I've come straight from your father, marm, and brung you a letter from him!"

"My father!" cried Isaline, with an expression of eager delight; "oh, I'm so glad. Quick! tell me—how is he? what did he say? where is the letter?"

"Wall, that I haint got about me—Harry Colburn, my pardner, tuk charge of that."

"Who is he? and where is he?" almost impatiently demanded Isaline.

"He's a *gintleman*, full-bloodied, and none of your monkey make-believes!" replied old Tom, with a contemptuous glance toward the scowling Hampton; "but whar he ar', that's another thing—though, wharsomever he ar', I'll bet a deer-skin agin a charge of powder he's spil'ing paper with a pictur!"

"Is he an artist, then?" said Isaline.

"So'thing like that I believe they calls it."

"Perhaps that is him yonder then, by that tree?"

"As sure as shooting!" cried Tom, looking in the direction indicated: "I knowed it!"

"Oh, call him hither, at once—I am so anxious to get the letter from my father!" said Isaline.

Tom shouted the name of his young companion, in a tone loud enough to be heard a mile. Henry looked up.

"He-yar!" continued the scout; "the colonel's darter wants yer!"

The young man looked steadily at the boat for a few moments, and then, putting aside his drawings, hurried down to the landing and came aboard. As he approached Isaline, he, like the old woodsman, seemed struck with her air and beauty, and a modest blush mantled his handsome face. Isaline greeted him with one of her sweetest smiles.

"Your friend here tells me," she said, "you bring me a letter from my dear father?"

"If I have the honor of addressing Colonel Holcombe's daughter!" returned Henry, lifting his hat, with a graceful bow.

Isaline bowed assent, with another fascinating smile, and the other immediately produced the missive, with its large, red seal and gay ribbon. Isaline eagerly opened it, and for the next five minutes remained completely absorbed with its contents. While she was so engaged, Rough Tom drew Henry aside and conversed with him in low tones; and Charles Hampton, with a dark frown on his brow, paced moodily to and fro, with his eyes fixed on the deck, as if brooding over the insult he had so recently received.

"Thanks for good news, my friends—for so I see, by my father's sanction, I am entitled to call you!" at length exclaimed Isaline, addressing the scouts. "You are named in the letter as Thomas Sturgess and Henry Colburn, and I am desired to put all confidence in you, and to consider myself completely under your charge!"

"Tom Sturgess—Rough Tom—that thar's me!" said the old woodsman; "and with the colonel's own hand-write for me to see you safe through the wilderness, I'd jest like to know who's got anything to say agin it!" and he glanced triumphantly and defiantly at Hampton, who seemed to scowl more darkly, but without lifting his eyes.

"I am most proud and happy to be one assigned to so pleasant a duty!" said Henry Colburn, turning his gaze upon the fair girl with an admiring blush.

Their eyes met, and in that moment something passed between the souls of each which neither had experienced before. By a simultaneous impulse, both silently turned their glances aside, and encountered the dark, fiery orbs of Charles Hampton, and both felt that in the same minute of time they had looked upon the good and evil of their future destiny.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEIGHBORLY LOVE.—Genuine neighborly love knows no distinction of persons. It is like the sun, which does not ask on what it shall shine, or what it shall warm; but shines and warms by the very laws of its own being. So there is nothing hidden from light and heat.

THE SENSES.—It has been said that it is a greater misfortune for a man to be blind than for a woman to be so, as to him it involves a deprivation of the greatest of all enjoyment, the sight of woman. But the reverse is true as to deafness.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 6, 1866.

CORRESPONDENCE

Respectfully declined.—"Love Thy Mother." "Love's Labor." "Mysie." "In The Visits of Past Years." "Bloom Brightly, Flowers." "The Long Ago." "Hopeful." "Aunt Peggy Willis." "Conscientious." "Oh, Mother, Darling." "Woodland Music." "The Forest Charm." "Sleighing With Jessie." "On Skates." "Who Won." "The Merry Time." "Hanford." "Be Ever Near Me." "My Blessings." "Hear Me, Oh, My Father." "Estelle." "How I Found a Home." "Listless." "Weary, Weary." "Forward." "In Peace." "Grayson Melville." "Bertha's Dream." "Ancient Friends," &c.

RECREATION.

Next to food and sleep for the human body and mind physiologically considered is recreation. I use that word for want of a better one, I do not mean inaction, I do not mean what people suffer when they talk of "killing time," because I think it shameful for any man, woman, or child to be in such a frame of mind, or body as to render a murder of that kind allowable.

Recreation, as I understand it, means interesting change from common employment; and there should be such variety in that change, as will not only afford relaxation to the intellect, but enjoyment to the affections, and strength to the muscles.

Taking the word in that sense it may easily be seen that to possess normal frames of body and mind, men and women must take wholesome food, and sound sleep, with plenty of recreation. This is but the needful preparation for well directed effort of muscles, nerves, and brain. While all are clamorous for their just claim, the demands of each are modest; but the penalty of protracted neglect is sure and serious.

True, it may not be felt immediately. Still Nature is an imperious mistress; defraud her, and sooner or later she will be avenged.

What kind of recreation and how much, each person must determine for himself, just as he must decide what food he will eat, and how and when he will sleep. A modern thinker has well said, "The intellect that plays a part of every day, works more powerfully and to better results for the waste of the time; the heart that is gay for an hour, is more serious for the other hours of the day; the will that rests, is more vigorous than the one that is strained."

No one undertakes to disprove this theory, yet in active life nearly all Americans ignore it—defy it, indeed, individually and collectively, notwithstanding their devotion to theoretic democracy.

If a clergyman was to take off his coat and play at nine-pins, or ball; or, still farther, seek the forest with his dog and gun, it would be understood at once that he was not a safe guide—with such a shepherd the fold could not be secure. "It would never do."

If a business man should do the same, ten to one he would be reported to some commercial agency as a doubtful character, uncertain solvency, &c.

As a people we pride ourselves on our go-a-headativness, the rush and speed—fast dinners, fast horses, fast talking, expensive and tedious parties, brown fronts, stupendous warehouses and money-consuming watering-places.

For such service in business and pleasure, we are rewarded with consumption, dyspepsia, and suicide; with domestic broils, soulless gossip, and malicious scandal.

Now in all soberness let it be asked, would not a modicum of recreation, taken like food, daily, have "paid" better than this?

The man who gives way to a good, hearty laugh occasionally, is very seldom a dyspeptic.

The cause does not rest with one.

Only a few days since, conversing with a gentleman of acknowledged celebrity, with regard to a certain Biblical scholar, he said, "There is not a stronger intellect naturally, or a better educated man, but, he looks so cadaverous and misanthropic, it is enough to make one cross the pavement when he sees him coming."

Such a remark, and from a Christian, carries its own weight. When will the student of theology, or of any other department of art or science, learn that he must converse frequently with nature before he can ascend to any eminence in the particular branch in which he is delving.

The common excuse for the abuse of muscle and brain is, "Want of time." A miserable sham!

Fanaticism is accountable for it. Fanaticism in speculation; pride and power in financial success; luxury in dress, drink, cigars. While with the feminine part of creation, the "want of time" is incessantly cried up.

There is want of time when anything is to be done that does not accord with the feelings of the individual, the taste, or the inclination.

It is nothing for our neighbors over the water to walk a dozen miles before breakfast, ride down the deer, or take a bird on the wing. You might perhaps find such an one among the pioneers of the West, or the senoritas of the South, but there's an excuse for them, so far from civilization.

Ruskin says, "Wise men keep one side of their life for play, and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease—and yet take deep counsel on the other side, when they set themselves to their main purpose."

While we would urge the necessity of recreation, we would not ignore the idea of diligence in the varied occupation that belongs to us as a people. A merry heart taketh not from any man's business or profession; blessed as we are with a government conducive to happiness, it is not only meet and proper to give thanks in December—but let our hearts go out continually in mirth and gladness, snapping our fingers in the face of dyspepsia, and enjoying, as the Creator intended we should enjoy, the good, the true, and the beautiful, He has so lavishingly thrown around us.

Recreation strengthens, never enervates; neither doth it tend to ignorance or poverty.

On the other hand, it leads to correct taste, fair forms, glad hearts; sound lungs and cool brains. These are national wants, as well as individual necessities, physical, moral, and intellectual.

MORMON.—What comfort there is in the name which gives assurance of a love that can neither change nor fail.

Letter from Margaret.

(Concluded.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Then, I believe, a pair of immense shears take charge of it, if it is meant for nails; or something else, for other things. Here I cease to be very lucid, you perceive, as I am uncertain and confused about my feets, so here will end my quest. I believe I did not get over the thinking how excessively the man, who wheeled the iron over looked like a demon, carrying burning souls away to new torments, having piled so many in his barrow that they were all the while dropping off in great sparks. When he started they threw water on the mass, which of course the heat generated at once into its component gases, and over him was thrown a lurid white light, which made him a very ghastly demon indeed.

Our first idea was, how terribly their eyes must suffer from the bright light, especially those of the puddler, but we were assured that eye diseases of every sort are exceedingly rare among them—either in the iron factories or in those where glass or steel are manufactured.

The wages of these men, like those of the miners, are enormous, many of them receiving twenty and twenty-five dollars a day, so we were told by the superintendent. "And yet they are always poor as church mice," was added. This our friend Mr. Murdoch had assured us was invariably the case with the miners, no matter how high their wages are—and they ought to be high to induce men to lie on their sides in the wet and dark and work, "they are always poor, living away all their money." If there are two barrels of flour sitting together, of precisely the same brand, and the owner of them asks $10 for one, and $15 for the other, the miner and his wife take the most expensive. I suppose this rule holds good with the operatives in the workshops, since they save nothing out of their large wages.

It was exceedingly interesting to follow the course of the iron and discover it becoming steel; by very much the same process, too; different sorts of iron, making different sorts of steel, different degrees of heat producing different qualities. Shakspeare says,

> Seven times tried that spirit is
> Which shall never go amiss.

If the steel misses being perfected it is not because it is not tried sufficiently by every fiery process. It is heated in furnaces, not so intensely hot, however, as the puddling furnaces; it is boiled in crucibles, poured into moulds, dragged through rollers, and hammered under a ponderous steam hammer, the noise of which was so dreadful, that it seemed to me the inevitable consequence must be that the great cataracts of Catadupa, everybody in its vicinity must become in time deaf as stones or adders, "which ever you like, my pretty dear."

The glass works were equally interesting, but not so new, at least I have been in one once before, and the fact of having them so near at hand, that they can be gotten at at any time, gives one a feeling of knowing or ought-ing to know all about them, which is pretty much the same thing. We watched them making tumblers, blow jugs, and put handles upon them in the most artistic and accurate manner, then put them all in to an oven and bake them like so many cakes. Tempering them they call it.

I think I cannot bid adieu to Pittsburg without taking back what I have before said about the "Monongahela House," although we only went in there to call upon a friend this time; yet, after going from the "St. Charles," which is the second hotel of the place, (and which smells in the parlor, as no well-conducted kitchen ought, of the thousand undefined and horrid smells, that a badly kept oyster saloon sometimes greets our olfactories with, as we walk to and fro on the earth;) we all of us decided that one should be certain of their premises before stating them; and that after all, all things go by comparison, since I had disliked the "Monongahela," comparing it with the "Altoona House," and found it a thing of good report and altogether lovely after one dreadful day at the St. Charles, from which ever more "good Lord deliver us!" If *it* is the second, what is the third?

The improvements at the "Monongahela House," are being completed upon the most extensive scale, and I doubt not will make it a very desirable stopping-place. Indeed, I believe everybody that is anybody does stop there now while in the good city of Pittsburg. I have made the *amende honorable*, I trust, and eased my conscience I know.

The opera was in full blast, (force of association) being in a blast furnace makes the word come at first call, but I believe it's a vulgarism which I despise,) Suzini, and the rest of them, but we could not get as much as standing-room, every place being engaged for every night, a week ahead. So we were taken to see Barton Hill, who was playing a most successful engagement at one of the theatres. But I shall never get over regretting having gone. The play was "The American Cousin." I am not enough of a play-goer to understand why people like it. It was funny, but that was all. I believe Barton Hill acted Lord Dundreary most admirably, the audience was enthusiastic to the last degree, but I had never seen him in any character but that of a gentleman; and I hated to see him making such an unutterable fool of himself, never walking, always hopping, as he himself says, "like a demmed kangaroo." Some of the fun is very funny indeed, and I really think it pleasanter to remember than see, but it is all low comedy, with no relief. I hate to think that silly, but very funny man, with his dreadful brother Sam, was Barton Hill. The women he acted with were simply disgusting, but all the men acted excellently, especially the "American Cousin," who after all is the hero of the piece, and makes nearly all the best points.

But indeed we were very glad to turn our faces Altoona-wards, which we did on a lovely afternoon, the air of which was, as Frederica Bremer says, as mild and soft as a dream, and seemed like a youthful face bathed in tears. One funny old woman opposite to us, who filled a whole seat, was looking out all the while for the spur of the Alleghany! What she expected I am not prepared to state, or whether she found it; we left her looking when we stopped at Altoona.

Such a supper as we ate, such baths as we took—near akin to those taken by the iron ore in the puddling furnace; and how comfortably we slept through the excitement of the catching of a hotel thief at my very door, I will not stop to tell. The next morning Mr. L. Miller most kindly took us through the vast machine shops of the Pennsylvania Central. And there we saw, in all its perfection, the application to such various uses of the iron and steel we had been watching the days before. In the first place there are immense stables for the iron horses, where they are run in on turn-tables, and kept quiet until wanted.

Everything connected with the rolling stock of the Company is, I believe, made and repaired here; and several hundred men are employed. The shops are immense, one-storied, brick buildings, having names according to kind or variety of work done in them; one is the "fitting-shop," another the "erecting-shop," and so on. The workmen may be divided into two classes—those who work in metal, making wheels, axles, springs, pipes, casting stoves, boilers, and in fact everything used in the construction of a locomotive;—and those who work in wood, making the cars, and their appurtenances.

In one shop the floor is covered with a black sand, and is filled with moulds of every description; from a large furnace the liquid iron is poured like a stream of lava into pots, which four men carry between them, to the moulds, into which it is poured; black sand is thrown over it. And when it has hardened, out comes either a section of a boiler, part of a fluted stove, or something else, for all the world like giving shape, and form, and comeliness to ice-cream or *blanc mange*.

In the blacksmith shops, while some are shaping this and some that, with their for hammers, others chipping, or re-heating; over all, the great steam hammer is steadily beating time, moving up and down, supported by an huge frame-work, quickly or slowly as it is regulated by the man who superintends it, according to what it is working upon. There have been some curious experiments tried regarding the accuracy with which it can be made to perform its work, one especially, making it take delicate shavings off an egg-shell without in any way crushing the rest of the shell or injuring the glass by which it was held. Yet its business is to hammer upon great bars of iron heated at a white heat.

Another shop is filled with small machines, having all kinds of odd wheels and bands, which are attached by great belts to the steam-engine, which in a distant room is the soul, the brain, the motive-power of this body corporate. Before each of these machines a man stands watching its workings like a guardian angel over the doings of a human but unappreciative soul.

We watched with the greatest interest the working of two machines for smoothing and polishing the face of the iron, one that worked on cast-iron threw off a scaly dust, the other, working upon wrought-iron, long curled shavings; the slow, quiet movement was most suggestive of the old motto "slow but sure."

The planing-machines, we were told by "the Colonel," are among the most important of mechanical tools, performing with the most aggravatingly deliberate movement, what in former days was the work of fifteen or more mechanics with their chisels and files.

Another was an engine lathe, for turning any piece of iron to its requisite roundness and necessary degree of polish, whether for a perfect cylinder or various diameters at different points; it forms all the round parts, such as rods, shafts, etc., and works as silently as it works well.

The gear-cutting machine looks for all the world like the inside of a watch, made for some of the Antediluvians, in the days when there were giants running at large, *ad libitum*, (I wonder by the way whether they used watches in those days or carried sun-dials around with them—you know they could, their pockets must have been *such* a size, but I pause at the thought, did they wear pockets or— but I am getting into metaphysics and shall lose my head.) The gear-cutter is cogged wheels working round each other, just as they do in watches. In one small instrument for trimming the inside of some piston, I think, to its proper size and shape, there was always dropping a lubricating oil; when I asked the man "why?" he said the friction was so great it would cause fire. Oh, I believe I'm wrong—I guess (like a Yankee,) that it was water, not oil.

We were especially delighted with the machine for drilling holes in the iron—it works with the movement of an elbow. It is wonderful to observe how exact everything has to be, the difference of a thread making the part unfit for use, as it is to fit into or on something else, made in another part of the building, with equal care.

The rough work of the forges and foundries comes to these rooms to be made "true"—a wheel is to be out round the brim, so it may be perfectly conical: a cylinder is to have the inside flared and polished to a perfect circle. Here a set of rollers are twisting a bar of iron into some other shape: there a pair of shears cutting sheets of iron up, like so much paper.

In another shop all these separate pieces are put together; and here we saw locomotives in various stages of completion. In still another shop are the sick and wounded engines being doctored and cured by skillful hands, who understand their diseases. Iron horse doctors is, I suppose, their proper appellation.

The work in the carpenter shops is so clean and light, that the contrast strikes (but does not hurt) you at once. Instead of blackness, all is light; instead of iron dust and filings, wood shavings. In the place of the dull *thug* of the great steam hammer, the busy whirl of the circular saw. Every thing seems in such order, and so clean. At one table is piled the window sashes: another, door frames, or backs of benches, or slats, or something else used in building a car, or a platform, or a crate.

In the finishing house for the wood work, we saw the magnificent car, nearly completed, for the exclusive use of the Directors. It reminded me of the elegant show carriages we used to see at the exhibitions of the "Franklin Institute," waiting to be awarded a first-class medal. It is most beautifully painted a chocolate color, highly varnished, the panels elegantly gilded, and the coat of arms of the state painted upon either side. It is several feet longer than the ordinary passenger cars, with two large platforms enclosed, and lighted on all sides by plate-glass windows, which will enable the occupants to have an unobstructed view of the scenery. There are two main saloons, one at each end, beautifully finished in walnut and bird's-eye maple. At the top are finely executed views of the most beautiful scenery along the route of the "Pennsylvania Central." The ceilings are elaborately frescoed. We watched with much interest the artists at this part of the work. If it was not that their labor so amply repays them, by its perfectness, I should be inclined to expend a vast amount of pity on them, for having to stand with the head thrown back, and their dexter arm steadied by means of a pole while they paint.

The car is lighted by lamps depending from centre-pieces of scarlet and green silk, and is heated by a furnace under the floor. In one saloon is a very elegant suit of cottage furniture, in walnut and green; the other, ebony and gold finished in scarlet leather. A writing desk for the accommodation of those of literary inclination, with a large mirror above it, wherein the vain have an opportunity of suiting *their* inclination by a sly glance, shows a desire to please all tastes.

There are compartments for sleeping and washing, hung with silk curtains of the colors which pervade all things, scarlet and green; the Brussels carpet has the same hues predominating. I judge it will be a very enjoyable thing to take a railroad ride in the midst of so much luxury. It is almost equal to the cars we read of in Russia, where you can have your own private parlor, bath, etc., etc., travelling in a suit of rooms!

We came home at night. Why we were so silly, as we had plenty of time, and missed the scenery besides, is beyond my ability to explain. I half believe it was for the sake of a "new sensation"—that of the sensation of a sleeping car. If it was this, we were amply repaid for our foolish curiosity and search.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Tiles—Tile-Making—Tile Roofs—Mechanical Science—Schools—Saltpetre—Sudden Death.

Every member—male and female—of our equestrian exploring expedition, were so familiar with the tile roofs of all South American buildings, that there was nothing of novelty in them to us. Nevertheless we were every soul of us so utterly ignorant of the manner of making and placing them in position, that had the necessity of covering ourselves with a tiled roof of our own manufacture devolved upon us, we should in all probability have gone about it as deftly as the majority of barristers would about the building of a panel door or flight of winding stairs.

Arguing one day in committee of the whole, that as at some time or other the exigency might arise making it a necessity that we should cover ourselves with a tile, or in default of knowing how, go uncovered to our damage, we said:—"Let us go learn how these inland Buenos Ayreans make and lay tiles. There are processes something different elsewhere we know, but these provincial tiles will answer our purpose; and then they are so simply made, that they come within the capacity of every man everywhere. Let us go learn."

And at the invitation of our two medical friends, whose acquaintance we had made at Buenos Ayres, and who had accompanied us in our zig-zag course to Cordova, we all went out three days consecutively to learn tile-making at an extensive establishment belonging to the two gentlemen, and situated less than a league from town.

The tile-yards differ from our brick-yards in the United States only in being ribbed with parallel rows of burned tiles, laid in straight lines end to end, entirely covering the surface of the yard, in rows twenty inches apart, the round sides of the tiles being upwards, so that being smoothly plastered over with a very white clay that sets like cement, the long, parallel lines look exactly like immensely long, white cylinders buried one half in the earth. These are the forms on which the green tiles are shaped, and are about ten inches in diameter.

The clay for making tiles is tempered with sharp, clean sand, in the proportion of about one part sand to six of clay, and is then trodden up by oxen until it is fit for moulding, in precisely the manner of our old-time practice in the United States, before brick-making machines relieved bovine slaves from the mortar beds. The clay is made of just about the same consistency as that of which our bricks are made, and first fashioned into oblong squares, twenty by sixteen inches, and from half an inch to nearly an inch in thickness, in shallow moulds having a movable bottom.

These flat, clay cakes are let out of the moulds upon the plastered, permanent forms, which are previously wet and sprinkled with coarse, dry sand. In their green, pliant state, the thin sheets lap themselves about the semi-cylinder form, and become, as they dry in the sun, themselves half cylinders. Four days of drying, on an average, is sufficient, after which they are set up on end close together in the kiln, very like books in a vast library, only the tiles stand in end, packed into and standing on each other's heads, instead of on shelves. Then there are arches and flues underneath, and the tiles are burned to a bright red, very nearly as we burn our bricks.

In roofing with these earthen troughs, there are thin, slender slats of hard wood—usually cocoanut palm—laid across the rafters, at distances from each other about two-thirds the length of the tiles. Then the tiler beginning at one end of the building, and down next the eaves, places two tiles, projecting over half their length, close together, the concave side up, lapping the next above them over from two to four inches, places a cap tile inverted over the crest of the lower pair, the lip of the inverted tile going down into the hollow of the first course. The cap is lapped by the next one above, in the same manner as the bed tiles are, and thus the tiler goes on up to the ridge, followed by the plasterer, who, with a trowel and stiff, white mortar, fills all the openings at the butts of the tiles, effectually shutting out every particle of water. At the ridge, when the roof has been laid on, tiles are laid lengthwise, round side up, lapping, and being plastered up at the ends like those on the slant of the roof.

Thus put on and pointed, a tile roof presents a very pretty appearance; and as it is a perfect protection against fire, as durable as a wall of the best burned bricks, and I believe could be made and laid on any building in this country at two-thirds of the cost of an ordinary sheathed and shingled roof, that will take fire like tinder, get leaky in five years, and require renewing in eight to ten, it seems that the general introduction of the Moorish, Spanish, Portuguese, and universal Spanish-American tiled roofs into the general building economy of the United States and Canada, is well worthy of attention.

Having acquired the mastery of all the mystery there is about tile-making and roofing, we next turned our attention—partly by way of amusing ourselves, and partly by way of educating, to better mechanical philosophy a few of the Cordovian workers in wood—to the provincial practice of putting together and finishing up work.

The artisans in small-wares usually mastered their mechanical devices much better than builders of houses and all larger fabrics, for the reason that as a structure was completed, it came more readily within the narrow limits of their comprehension. But many of these we found bungling and botching sadly over their performances. For instance: we found in one shop a dozen cabinet-makers at work on as many different articles as there were men—one at a table, another at a bedstead, the third at a bureau, &c., and every soul of them working on the scribe-and-cut and *guess and-try* principle, getting out one particular piece or part, and fitting it to one already in place and fastened, or as frequently fitting and fashioning a piece already in place and secured there, by an awkward and tedious process.

In house finishing we found it the rule with carpenters to utterly disregard all rules. In putting in a door or window-frame, he put in a piece at a time, and having them all in and fastened in the rough, he would expend fifteen times as much labor and time in dressing down and half finishing up the fabric in an uncouth fashion, as properly expended would have made a neat, creditable frame.

It was the same with ceilings. All the better class dwellings in Spanish America are ceiled over head instead of being plastered. A carpenter, having planed one side of one ceiling board, would nail it up with a rough, unjointed edge, and then line, and hack, and hew, gouge, chisel, and plane in the most awkward of all positions, and expend a whole day in fitting together the edges of two boards, which he could have jointed in a much better manner at his work-bench in ten minutes. It was another sample of "South American Civilization" cropping out in joiner work.

We were none of us practical mechanics, but we had ideas among us, and our instructions educated several Cordovian mechanics to better habits of performing their work.

At Cordova we found two literary institutions of some pretensions, one for males and the other for females. They were both in a flourishing condition, according to the South American interpretation of the term i. e.—they were generously endowed, liberally patronized and universally popular. In each there were daily sessions of two and a half hours, devoted mainly to guitar practice, reciting the roll of saints, mischievous back-biting in suppressed whispers and planning intrigues at the next bull fight or fandango.

These South American high-schools are usually better calculated to develope physical vigor and diplomatic shrewdness, than a higher moral or educational condition of the scholars.

Just here, I find in my journal memoranda of some observations made in the neighborhood of Cordova and the result of experiments made by our medical friends, both of whom were men of superior intelligence and considerable scientific attainment—a brief abstract of which may possibly be of some practical importance both to beef curers and beef eaters in the United States and elsewhere.

Ever since *charqui*—jerked beef—was first invented in South America, scientific *savans* have been puzzled to account satisfactorily for the mystery of its curing so readily as it does in the open air or in beef-houses, and keeping indefinitely in a perfectly sweet and sound condition, with so very little, and in some instances, entirely without salt.

Dr. Bond had first suggested to us on the Brazilian pampas that the cause was to be found in the large per centage of nitrate of potash everywhere cropped with their food by the wild cattle, and which entering into the organic structure of the animal, virtually *cured the beef before it was killed*. Careful investigation proved that in all these immense natural pastures, a large per centage of saltpetre was found in the surface soil, and in very many instances we found it chrystalized in tiny tears attached to the herbage cropped by the herds. Further, we found that in every instance, in regions where the soil was deficient in nitrate of potash, there was great difficulty in curing and keeping *charqui*. In a few localities jerked beef cannot be made at all, and in three of those that we visited, we found scarcely a trace of saltpetre in the soil.

The experiments of our M. D. friends at Cordova, clinched our conclusions into a fact—so far as we were concerned at least. They separated from the stock which they were every day slaughtering for jerked beef, the finest animals in the herd, and after feeding and fattening them for two months on grain, meal, &c., they were slaughtered, and not a pound of the flesh could they cure into jerked beef, even by the aid of a liberal supply of salt. Hung up in the air, it *would* spoil, in the course of three or four days.

Pursuing the experiments still further, they took a portion of the animals thus fattened on grain and meal, and fed them another month on the same material, only incorporating with it artificial nitrate of potash in about the same proportion that it was found in the soil of that region, and the result was, the beef *jerked* beautifully, without any trouble.

Is it not just possible that we can manufacture first-class jerked beef anywhere in the United States, by curing it before killing—*Quien Sabe!*

Two or three days previous to our departure from Cordova, we witnessed one of the most singular visitations of Providence I have any recollections of.

There was a wedding in the morning, between Captain Diego Vasquez Valverde, a handsome young Argentine officer, and Donna Domingo Elita Numerico, a lovely girl, daughter of the *Delegado* of Cordova, and in the afternoon a grand bridal equestrian excursion out into the *campo* five miles or so, to a very fine *estancia*, belonging to the bridegroom.

Our party were all participants in the festivities, and a gayer, happier party of three hundred of both sexes, never sat in saddle anywhere. The bridegroom, as he ought to have been, was the happiest person in the whole cavalcade.

We had ridden over the fine estate, and were proceeding across a wide stretch of level ground towards the mansion, where a grand wedding-feast had been prepared, when suddenly a great black vulture wheeled up from the carcass of a bullock a few yards in advance of our leaders, among whom was the bridegroom and his lovely bride.

Some one fired a pistol at the monstrous bird, but whether he hit it or not I am unable to say—at anyrate it wheeled in the air and swept down past us, and so close to Don Diego, that we distinctly heard the *clip* of its great black wing either against his person or the trappings of his horse.

In a moment after the black monster swept past, Don Diego thrust out his hand as if to grasp at something—almost shrieked: "*Diavo!*" said faintly: "Domingo—*Caro mio*," and sank down, his face bowed to his saddle bow.

There was no wedding-feast at Santa Barbary. The beautiful bride was a widow—Capt. Diego Valverde was *dead*, and the great black vulture had disappeared. It was all a mystery, and the Cordovians believed it a visitation of the foul Fiend. We said—"A visitation of God."

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1866.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY, 1st Month.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
FEBRUARY, 2d Month.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22	2 9 16 23	3 10 17 24
MARCH, 3d Month.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31
APRIL, 4th Month.	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
MAY, 5th Month.	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
JUNE, 6th Month.	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
JULY, 7th Month.	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
AUGUST, 8th Month.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25
SEPTEMBER, 9th Month.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
OCTOBER, 10th Month.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
NOVEMBER, 11th Month.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24
DECEMBER, 12th Month.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29

Mrs. Gaskell, a lady well known in the literary world, died, in England, on the thirteenth ultimo. She was born about the year 1800, and was married in 1832, to a clergyman at Manchester. She issued her first work, "Mary Barton," anonymously, in 1848; since which time (1848) Mrs. Gaskell has written much. Her death will cause a great blank to be felt in literary society, and also in the more general circles of the reading world. In her own line we know of no more talented authoress than she, nor one more earnest and painstaking in the accurate delineation of the scenes she chose to portray. It is this stamp of truth, so evident throughout her works, which gives them that especial charm not to be gainsayed, we imagine, by any of her readers; and when we add to this the singular force and vigor of her writing; the interest contained in the stories themselves—witness "Mary Barton" and "North and South;" and last, not least, the high moral and religious tone running through them, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the public at large has sustained a real loss in Mrs. Gaskell.

The Nature of Diamonds.—Experiments show that diamonds cannot be produced by Plutonic agency, as they become black when subjected to a high degree of temperature. That they are, on the contrary, of Neptunian origin, and were at one time in a soft condition, is proved not only by the impressions of grains of sand and crystals on the surface of them, but also by the enclosure of certain foreign bodies, such as other crystals, germinating fungi, and even vegetable structure of a higher organization. If these conclusions be accepted, confirming and extending as they do the views held by Newton, Brewster, and Liebig, diamonds seem to be the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances.

Success.—The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that all the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhœa Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York and all Druggists for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-tf

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—We are not in the habit of "puffing" patent medicines but we cheerfully add our testimony to that of many others in favor of this medicine. The Pain Killer is invaluable for the diseases for which it is recommended. Try a bottle of it and see if we do not state correctly.—*Roman Citizen.* dec30-4t

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 6½@17c ₩ lb. 125 Cows brought from $35 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6@8 cts ₩ lb. 4800 Hogs sold at from $12,00 @13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

Saturday Evening Post,

FOR 1866.

Hark! the booming of the cannon thro' the
midnight bleak and blue—
They are firing out the Old, Old Year and firing
in the New;
Hark! the music of the belfries thro' the mid-
night clear and cold—
They are ringing in the New, New Year and
ringing out the Old.
Give the fire another faggot, while our beating
hearts keep time
To the echo of the distant gun and the music of
the chime;
While the cheery lamps are lighted and the
cheery radiance falls
On the holly and the Christmas greens which
decorate the walls,
Once again, beloved comrades,—round the fire,
maids and men,
Where we kept full many a New Year's watch—
we'll keep it once again.
O how most sweetly solemn! O tranquil time
and tender!
The tears are shining in our eyes, as we gather
round the fender.
The Old Year, like a Pilgrim, pauses 'twixt us
and the door,
(Ere he glides into the darkness, and is lost for-
evermore,)
In his tattered cloak he pauses,—staff in hand,
he turns and sighs,
And takes us by the hand once more, and looks
us in the eyes,
So earnestly, so lovingly, with such a lingering
gaze,
We cannot bear to say "Farewell! God speed
thee on thy ways!"

O thou wonderful Old Pilgrim! O thou strange,
eventful Year!
Can it be that thou must leave us? that the
parting hour is here?
With thy grand and glorious records, with thy
joys and with thy woes,
Art thou going forth forever to the realms of
repose?
Many a Pilgrim year has lingered on the spot
where thou dost stand;
We have met their eyes in sorrow, we have held
them by the hand;
And they bore themselves so proudly in their
majesty and might,
That we deemed them noble giants, till we
looked on thee to-night.
Into pigmies lo! they dwindle; beside them,
thou art Saul,
In the glory of thy stature looking down upon
them all.
Tho' thy cloak is old and tattered, tho' thy face
is full of scars,
The soul that flashes from thine eyes is lustrous
as the stars;
And sweeter to our spirits than the breath of
heliotrope,
Are thy parting gifts of Liberty, God's peace
and Heaven's hope!

How solemn was thy advent! Across the fallen
snow,
The angels led thee here in tears, twelve silver
moons ago.
In rosy wine we pledged thee, we prophesied of
peace,
While the trembling hearts within our breasts
belied our prophecies,
For the shadows hung before us, behind, and
left and right—
And over the burning ploughshares, our path
led to the light.
O glory to the Power that marched with us that
way,
By night a pillar of fire, a pillar of cloud by
day;
Only the pen of a seraph, in golden rhyme,
could write
How over the burning ploughshares He led us
to the light!

Take up your glasses, comrades, and pledge this
grand Old Year,
Whose reign began in darkness to end in sun-
light clear.
Here's a bumper, brave Old Pilgrim, for thy
victories sublime,
They are writ in fiery letters in the chronicles of
Time!
When the news of Lee's surrender shook the
roof-tree and the rafter,
And the fall of Richmond followed, like a glori-
ous echo, after—
Can we e'er forget the joy-bells, ringing up and
down the North,
While every window cast the dear old flag in
triumph forth;
And the kneeling nation thanked its God
beneath the smiling sky,
That the deluge of His wrath was past and the
day of promise nigh!

And was the deluge really past? the glorious
dawn at hand?
Make answer, O ye solemn bells! which toll
throughout the land.
Make answer, moaning Nation! with ashes on
thy head,
In solitude and sack-cloth, keeping watch above
thy dead!
Alas! how quick the shadow will steal across
the sun!
How quick the fairest web of joy, in woe may
be undone!
Tell us, O wailing April wind! O weeping April
sky!
How quickly light and joy depart when men like
LINCOLN die.

Can we e'er forget the horrors of that awful
April morn,
When the foul assassination to our shrinking
ears was borne?
When the cities wore their mourning, like
widows in their woe,
And underneath the sable flags, the bells tolled
sad and slow.
Well might the Nation sorrow, well might the
Nation quake,
For a mighty one in Israel had fallen for her
sake.
Well might her song of triumph cease to charm
the listening years,
And her sun of glory set amid a watery waste
of tears;
For living heroes 'neath her feet their richest
robes might spread,
But they could not heal her bleeding heart or
give her back her dead!

The honest open statesman, the best of Presi-
dents,
The man of master intellect and sound old-
fashioned sense;
Who bore his country's burdens with such a
hearty will,
Thro' civil war and foreign care, clear-eyed and
genial still—
Oh! it was hard to see him fall most foully,
darkly slain,
At the very hour when white-robed Peace was
at our doors again!
He led the march of Freedom across the desert
sand,
To die, like Moses, ere his foot had touched the
Promised Land.
So constant in our sorrows, so true in time of
war,
Why is he missing now that joy and peace are
ours once more?

O Lincoln, noble Lincoln! while in smiles and
tears we meet,
With the ashes of Rebellion, cold and dead,
beneath our feet;
While we chant our grateful psean for the days
of peace restor'd,
And the breath of our thanksgiving floats, like
incense, to the Lord—
Thy name is not forgotten, thy deeds the angels
'cite,
And thy mem'ry like a fountain, springs rejoic-
ing to the light.
Thou hast built thyself a pyramid, outvying
Egypt's Kings,
And amid his broken shackles, the slave thy
glory sings;
From many a broad plantation, the noble anthem
soars,
And the Old World trembles as the strain floats
proudly to her shores.
With prayer and eager yearning, thou didst
listen for that hymn,
While the shadows fell around thee and the
very stars were dim;
With prayer and eager yearning thou didst
catch its first, faint breath—
It thunders loudly o'er thee now—but thou art
cold in death!
Yet, up in holy Heaven where the swelling
strains are pour'd,
To break in golden surges at the footstool of
the Lord,
While the harps of singing seraphs echo back
the mighty prayer,
Who shall say, O noble Spirit! that thou dost
not hear it *there?*

O the glory of the Present! O the glory of the
Past!
O the glory of the Future! rolling shadowy and
vast,
Like a huge, restless ocean, boundless, beautiful
and free,
Where we launch our white sailed Ship of State
for Immortality!
Pour the golden wine of Freedom o'er her
gallant bows,—and shout
Her name—'tis "Union! Union!" which the
breezes whirl about—
And down the crystal waters see her sail and
sail away,
While the New Year in the rosy east blooms
into perfect day.
O Father! whom we worship, in mingled love
and fear,
Look down upon that gallant craft, and on our
new-born Year;
And rain Thy choicest blessings, O Lord of
earth and sea!
On the treasures that our trusting hearts and
hands commit to Thee.
Thou wert with us in our struggle, in our hour
of black despair,
When our flags went down in battle, Thou wert
there—Thou wert there.
In the dreary rebel prisons, in the march and
weary chase,
Thine arms were cast about us in a fatherly
embrace.
Thou wert with us in our sorrow—in our joy,
forsake us never—
And we'll sing the mercies of our God forever
and forever!

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. C. WILLISTON.

The miner's camp-fire is the pilgrim's paradise, the delver's sole solace for his absence from his domestic hearth. There is no one who has basked in its grateful warmth after a day's travel on the road or toil on the river, who did not look forward to it with joy, or who does not recall it with regret that Memory rather than Hope brings it to his mind. What a wild, happy freedom of movement, of speech and feeling pervaded the social gatherings around it! How heartily the jest was welcomed by the uncritical crowd that lounged around it, ready for amusement! How eagerly the listeners fixed their attention on the story-teller of the evening, especially if his experience in wild life exceeded theirs! How oracular in its effect was every sentence that dropped from his lips! With what emphasis did he articulate each syllable and word as he slowly unfolded the web of Fact or Fancy in which it was his design to enmesh us! With what dignified deliberation would he provokingly pause in the most exciting portions of his narrative to refill or relight his pipe, to knock the ashes therefrom, or to take a drink so prolonged and profound, that, were his choking not fatal to the continuance of his tale, a unanimous vote for such a consummation could have been had from his irritated audience.

And when story-telling had died out,—a stage of affairs that never arrived till the enthusiasm of the narrator had been somewhat dampened by the sonorous signs of slumber that successively swelled from the several throats of his hearers,—and in the sad, solemn stillness of the night the fire burned low, how pleasant it was to watch the dying embers as the white crust crept over them, and with many a fitful flare they crumbled into ashes. How many fantastic shapes the brands would take, as, one after another, they fell into the gulf of ashes, now red, now white, that alternately glowed and grew dim beneath the blazing wood. How would the thoughts of home, of friends, of kindred crowd into the mind, as the eye, weary of the garish light, sheltered itself behind the drooping eyelid, sinking slowly under the soft step of the silent siren Sleep.

I remember one scene by a camp-fire, that impressed itself vividly on my memory, from its connection with events of rather an uncommon character, preceding and succeeding it. We were a party of nine and were travelling in that portion of the diggings called in those days the "Northern Mines," though now they may be styled Southern, as related in position to the most densely populated mining regions of California and Oregon. We had camped for the night on the banks of a river where it fell some fifteen or twenty feet. The river itself might have been an eighth of a mile in width. Six of our party were old acquaintances; two were traders, whose acquaintance we had formed in the town from which we started, and who purposed establishing themselves in business in some of the mining settlements in the extreme north of the state of California. The ninth was a good-looking, sedate man, some five-and-thirty years of age, who had joined us on the road, and who, after obtaining our permission to travel with us had been very quiet and reserved, seldom speaking save when addressed.

Having picketed our animals, and got our traps ready for cooking, we plunged into the woods to collect wood for the fire, and pine-knots to burn for our amusement during the evening—a favorite diversion among miners at that period. Returning, we dispatched the evening meal, and, piling the knots on the fire, and disposing ourselves around it in various easy attitudes, some of us with tin cups filled with coffee, and others with pipes, the conversation turned on the place we had chosen for a camping ground, and some of the party expressed their admiration of the falls, which they had visited in the afternoon.

"Gentlemen," said the ninth one of our party, whom I shall call Manning, "I shall be obliged to forego the pleasure of your society henceforward. It is my intention to remain in this spot several days. I—" he hesitated, "wish to take some sketches in the neighborhood."

A universal expression of surprise followed this expression of Manning's determination, and after a vain attempt to dissuade him from his purpose, one or two of the party offered to remain with him, pointing out the danger he would incur from wild beasts or Indians, should he decide to stay there alone. He courteously, but firmly, refused, saying that he could not consent that we should thus incommode ourselves on his account.

"By the way," cried Jack Anderson, one of my companions, "do you not remember this spot, my boy, addressing me. It was exactly on this spot, in the spring of '49, that we were camped when the mysterious affair took place about which we have so often spoken since. Do you not remember?"

"Yes," said I. "But are you sure that this is the place? It is very singular that we should choose it for our camping-ground."

"Oh! this is the place," he returned; I could not be mistaken about it."

Of course all were on the *qui vive*, for the narration of the mysterious affair referred to. Jack was an old story-teller, however, and received all their entreaties to relate the incident with: "Why, it's of no consequence now; it was so long ago," and various similar incentives to curiosity. I observed, though it did not impress me very forcibly then, that Manning did not join in requesting Jack to tell the story, and made one or two attempts to change the subject.

At last Jack, as in duty bound, relented, and began:—

"It was in the spring of '49, boys, as I said before, that we camped on this very spot, intending to prospect in the neighborhood. We got here at about the same time as we did this afternoon, and were all pretty well tired out; so much so, that we did not trouble ourselves to gather many pine-knots for our fire, but contented ourselves with a few armfulls of dry wood. As it turned out, it was a pity that we did not get more food for fire—but that's anticipating.

"We were lying around the fire—five of us: Ned, there, myself, and three others, who are now in the Southern Mines. We had been rather dull all the evening, and were looking into the fire, probably all thinking what fools we were to come to California, when of a sudden there rang through the wood the sound of a pistol-shot, followed by the most terrific scream I ever heard in my life."

Here Jack stopped to disgorge the immense mass of tobacco that lay between his teeth and cheek, threw it into the fire, and slowly taking his box from his pocket, inserted a fresh supply. I was about to throw a "rock" at him by way of punishment for his trifling with the attention of his hearers, when my eyes was caught by the face of Manning. It was pale as death, and his eyes were fixed on Jack with an expression of intense interest. Turning his head toward me our eyes met. He colored, and turned his face away. Jack continued:

"We all jumped up, and ran to the bank of the river, for the sound came from the other side. But the night was dark, and we could see nothing. Returning to the fire, and throwing on it all the wood and knots we could collect, we again ran to the bank, and strained our eyes to see across. At first we could distinguish nothing; but the flame after a while brightened so that we could see the opposite shore. Once it flared up, and I would swear that I saw the figure of a man bending over a prostrate one, but none of the others saw it. We hallooed till we were hoarse, but received no answer. Some were for crossing the river, but in the darkness it would have been of no avail had it been possible. After spending some two hours in conjecture and devising plans for crossing, we retired to rest.

"Of course we were up early in the morning, and went busily at the work of investigating the matter. The river here, above the falls, is very difficult to cross. In fact, it can only be done by jumping from rock to rock. The bank on the other side is very bold, and it is not possible to climb it. So we went half a mile below and crossed, and followed the river up to the spot where we judged the pistol had been fired. Examining very closely, we detected signs of a severe struggle. The ground was torn up near the edge of the bank, and drops of blood were plainly visible on the rocks around. We could find no other traces, except a small gold locket, which contained the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, and had three initials engraved on the case."

I looked at Manning, but his eyes were fixed on the ground. Jack went on:

"I have never showed the locket to any one, as I have never met any person who appeared to know anything about the affray. From that day to this I have never heard anything that threw the least light on the matter. I should not have thought of it to-night, but for the circumstance of our camping on this spot. Now, boys, my story is done."

"Mr. Anderson," said Manning, speaking for the first time since Jack had begun his narrative, "would you have any objection to show me that picture? I know a person who disappeared very mysteriously about that time, and it may give some clue to his fate."

"Why," said Jack, "to gratify a merely idle curiosity, I would not show it, but as you appear to be likely to afford some information on the matter, here it is."

So saying, he opened his saddle-bags and took out a small gold locket, which he handed to Manning. I watched the latter narrowly as he received it, and though he started slightly as his eye first fell on the picture, he recovered himself, and handing it back, said coldly:

"I do not know the face."

Soon afterwards we turned into our blankets, and as by this time it was rather late, the majority of the party, Jack among the number, abandoned themselves to sleep.

I could not follow their example. The strange demeanor of Manning, since he had come among us, his determination to stop at this place, added to his conduct during Jack's recital awoke suspicions in my mind that I could not quiet, and prevented my sleeping. I lay, turning the matter over in my mind for more than an hour, when I heard a footstep, and turning my head saw Manning stealthily approaching Jack. Putting my hand under my head, I drew my revolver and cocked it, determined to fire at the first suspicious movement. But he did not go beyond the saddle-bags, which were lying a little way from Jack's head. Opening one of them, (they were only closed by a strap and buckle) he took from it the miniature, and pressed his lips to it again and again. And as I looked I could see the tears rolling down his pale face in rapid succession. After looking at it for some time, he carefully replaced it, and crept back to his blanket. In a few minutes afterward, I fell asleep.

In the morning, all was busy preparation for our journey, and I made no mention of what I had noticed on the previous evening, reserving the disclosure for Jack's private ear. What was my surprise, then, to hear just before starting, that Manning had accepted Jack's offer of staying with him, and that they had crossed the river together before I got up. I was at a loss what to do. I did not wish to be ridiculed for creating a false alarm, and yet I could not help thinking that Jack ran great risk in remaining with such a man. Quieting myself, however, with the thought that, in all probability, Manning only desired to obtain possession of the locket, I complied with the directions Jack had left, and resumed the journey with my companions.

After we had travelled a couple of hours, by constant dwelling on the subject, I had arrived at such a state of nervous excitement, that I determined to return at all hazards and inform Jack of what I had seen. If he should see fit to disregard my warning, the fault would be his, not mine.

With this intention, I informed my companions that I had left some article behind which I should return for, and told them not to linger on the road for me, as I should rejoin them at their camping-place. I then urged my horse toward the place where we had camped on the previous night. On reaching it I soon ascertained that neither Jack nor Manning had returned. Their animals were tied, and the saddle-bags and blankets were on the ground, scattered around the ashes of the fire.

The thought struck me that I had better follow them across the river. So I turned toward it with that intention, and reached the bank. A glance convinced me that crossing it at that point would be attended with much risk, and I was about turning away to seek a more favorable place to effect its passage, when my eye fell on the figures of two men who were seated on a rock on the brink of the falls—a rock which divided the waters as they rushed over the fearful height. They were dressed so nearly alike, and so nearly matched in figure, that I was unable to distinguish between them and determine which was Jack. I stood irresolute, not knowing what course to pursue. If I hallooed, it might have the effect to occasion a resort to desperate measures on the part of Manning, while if I remained silent, it might be my lot to witness a fearful tragedy. How long I stood considering and wavering, I know not. My suspense was ended, however, by their rising and struggling together. The next moment one of them was seen to fall into the gulf below. The other, attracted by my cries, came bounding from rock to rock toward me.

How eagerly I watched his advancing form, till his near approach enabled me to distinguish Jack, may be readily imagined. Not a word did he speak when he reached my side, but seizing me by the arm, hurried me down the river bank, in the hope of discovering the body of the unfortunate man. Our search proved vain, however, and after continuing it several hours, we slowly returned to the place where we had camped on the night before.

"Ned," said Jack, addressing me by the nickname which attached to me all through my career as a miner, "we must camp here to-night. What I have to tell you should for the present be confined to you and I. So, now, get our supper ready, and I will inform you of what has happened."

Even under these circumstances Jack did not forego any of the minutia of his art as a narrator, but stowed his cargo of the "weed" carefully away in his mouth before commencing his story:

"This morning, about daybreak, I was awakened by Manning, who informed me that he had concluded to accept my offer to remain with him, and proposed that we should cross the river and examine the spot where the occurrence took place, of which I told the story last night. Having left word for you with one of the men, (for you were sleeping so soundly that I hadn't the heart to awaken you,) I followed him down the bank and across the river—no slight job I assure you, and one which I have no desire to repeat. Clambering up the opposite bank we reached the spot where the affair occurred. Everything appeared the same as when we examined it in '49, and I do not believe a single human being had visited it in the interval.

"Carefully looking around him, as if for some sign he expected to find, Manning suddenly fell to work vigorously with a pick he had brought with him, and in a few minutes, to my great surprise, he took from a hole he had made, two small buckskin bags, containing gold dust. Placing these in his pocket, he turned toward the river, and letting himself down the bank, commenced re-crossing. In a perfect maze of bewilderment I followed him. When he reached the centre of the stream he sat down on the rock where you saw us, and turning to me, said:

"'Mr. Anderson, you are, of course, at a loss to understand this?'

"I replied that an explanation would be desirable, and he continued:

"'It is now three years since I was living with a widowed mother and only sister in the town of ———. We were in moderate circumstances, supported by my labor at my trade. A visit to New York, and the consequent indulgence in its amusements threw me in the way of a young man named Handford. He was pleasing in his person, and I invited him to our house; an invitation which he unfortunately accepted.'

"'Handford had been in a whale ship on the Pacific, which had put into the harbor of San Francisco, where he deserted in consequence of the news of the gold discovery, and went into the mines. Hardy and energetic, he soon accumulated what to him was a large sum, and having returned to New York on a visit, he was employing his hard-earned means in pursuit of the pleasure to which he had been so long a stranger. His tales of the wild, romantic life led by the miners, the invariable success of the industrious, fired me with a desire to try my fortune in the land of gold, and he readily promised to furnish me the means of reaching California.

"'I was eager to start at once, but Herman kept postponing the period of our departure in a manner that would have excited my suspicions had I been able to think of anything beside the glittering prospect before me. At last, as if wearied by my entreaties, he consented that we should leave in the next steamer. A day or two before its departure, Handford went to New York, saying that he would meet me there. I observed that my sister seemed very much agitated at his departure, but that aroused no suspicion in my mind that anything was wrong. On the night previous to my leaving home, however, after I had bade my mother good-bye, intending to start early next morning, my sister, pale and trembling, entered my room, and on my breast, the only refuge left her, the poor, blighted flower confessed the cause of her despondency, and the name of the man who had wronged her.

"'It needs no words of mine, sir, to describe to you my feelings. The first burst of passion over, my indignation subsided into a deep, abiding determination to be revenged. I went to New York, but could find no traces of Handford, except a letter in the post office for me, in which he stated that he had been called abroad by matters of importance, and had sailed for France. I at once came to the conclusion that this was a lie; and from the published passenger list found that a person named Handford had taken passage for California.

"'To my mind the idea of forcing him to a marriage with my sister was repugnant. But I was determined to follow him, and have my revenge. To that end I returned to ———, sold off everything that could be converted into money, and, leaving all that was not absolutely necessary to my reaching California, in the hands of my mother, I took passage in a vessel for Chagres.

"'We reached there about two weeks after the vessel that bore Handford, and on crossing the Isthmus, found no vessel to convey passengers up the coast. Handford, more fortunate, had sailed the previous week in a brig. Disappointment and the climate acting on my enfeebled frame, brought me on to the verge of the grave, but at length I recovered and reached San Francisco.

"'Making inquiries as soon as I went ashore, I learned that Handford was a successful faro-dealer, and that he had just left on a tour through the mines. From San Francisco, I followed him, step by step, never catching sight of him, till, on one afternoon in May, '49, I learned that about an hour before, he had started on the untravelled side of the river to go to a town at some distance, which he expected to reach early the next morning. He had chosen that side of the river because the distance was shorter, and the risk of being robbed less.

"'How my heart bounded as I found him almost within my grasp! Jumping on my horse, I followed the rude trail he had taken at full gallop. Darkness came on, but still I rode, determined to overtake him that night. About two hours after sunset, I heard the neighing of a horse, which my heart told me could be none other than his. Dismounting, I tied my horse to a tree. After listening a moment, I heard heavy breathing. Creeping in the direction of the sound, I could just distinguish in the darkness the figure of a man lying in a blanket at the foot of a tree. I crawled up to him, with my knife in my hand, and dragged him to the brink of the river.

"'What is heaven's name is this?' he said as I loosed my hold.

"'Is not your name Handford?' asked I.

"'Yes,' was hardly out of his mouth when I struggled with him, and plunged my knife twice in his breast. His wild scream rang through the woods, and he sank back on the ground. The next moment a wild glare from across the river lit up the scene. I looked into the face of the dead man. God of Heaven! *It was not that of Handford.* I had been deluded into the pursuit of a stranger bearing the same name with that of my enemy.

"'My first thought after the agony of remorse was, that of self preservation. Not for my own sake, Heaven knows, but for that of my mother and sister. I went to work with a will, to remove all traces of the deed. The body and effects of the unfortunate man I committed to the river. There were no papers about him. The horse I turned loose, after throwing his saddle and bridle into the river. Under his blankets I found two bags of gold dust, and as day broke, seeing preparations making by your party on the other side of the river for crossing, I hid in the woods, returning toward night to bury the dust. In the scuffle, I dropped the miniature which you found.

"'Since that time, sir, I have travelled all over the state, making inquiries, in the hope of ascertaining the relatives of my victim. About two months after the unfortunate affair, I received a letter from home, stating that my Handford had returned from France, and that he and my sister were united. My only object of existence since then has been to make some reparation for my crime.

"'About two weeks ago, I learned that the man whom I killed has a family in Kentucky, who are in reduced circumstances. It was my intention to take the money which I had buried here from its hiding-place, and remit it to them, when I should at least feel fewer compunctions of conscience. Last night, your story of the affair gave rise to a new plan in my mind. The relatives of this man will be more likely to judge me leniently if another break to them the sad story which must accompany the dead gambler's gold. Will you, sir, undertake this task?' Saying this, he handed me the bags of dust.

"I told him that I would willingly undertake the duty; but informed him that I had another to perform: that of representing the case to the proper authorities, despite any compassion I might feel for him.

"'You need not remind me of that,' said he, with a sad smile. 'I shall save you all trouble

on that score. Promise me that you will do what I have requested, and I am content.'

"I gave the required promise, when he rose, and extending his hand, said:

"'Will you let me see that miniature, sir, which you took from your saddle-bags this morning, and placed it in your breast?'

"I did so. He looked at it a moment, pressed it to his lips, and, without returning it, said:

"'Good-bye, sir; may God bless you.'

"In an instant I divined his intention and seized him; but we were so near the edge of the rock, that I was obliged to let go of him to save myself. The next moment he plunged into the foaming cataract."

So Jack's story ended. The rest of the evening was passed in arranging our mode of conduct for the future. We determined to mention nothing to our companions, but merely to comply with Manning's instructions. The next morning we rejoined our party.

Whether Manning was killed by his plunge into the falls or not is matter for conjecture. I am firmly persuaded that no man could go over them and live. Jack, however, is of a contrary opinion. We have never heard from the relatives of the murdered man, although we wrote them, forwarding the money, and giving a full statement of the whole affair.

LILLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

Come, gather, gather ere 'tis night; quick, strew
the snow-robed hours;
Snatch while ye may each drooping spray for
wreaths of winter flowers:
The wan, wan smiles, the childish wiles, so fleeting and so fair—
Oh, my Lillie! oh, my Lillie!—Hark! her foot goes down the stair.

What errand takes her, whither goes she,
muffled to the throat?
To mould the ball, to mount the wall, to list the robin's note?
Ah! no; a dim old memory has stirred her of the days
When weak, forlorn, and motherless, she wept in kindless ways.

Who, in those eyes—so sweet, so sad,—could
trace the frantic sire
Who tore her from these sheltering arms?—
Hush, hush!—Heap high the fire.
A stone set on the well of tears; no more give sorrow way:
Though the heart break, for Lillie's sake, "Bring home" the Christmas "May!"

Through icy winds, from far-off spires, sweet
chimes come mingling low,
Like tinkling deer-bells, where the sledge goes gliding through the snow.
But, to the ear that missed it long, ah! sweeter than all sounds,
Is Lillie's step when Lillie, mine, goes forth to feed her hounds.

Gazing downward from my lattice, whence the
drowsy, wintered bee
Wings blindly towards the magpie's perch on the cruel holly tree,
I watch her where she stands, like some dropped snow-drop from above,
My thrice-recovered Lillie, the lost Lillie of my love!

Heart, crush thy cries! Away with sighs, and
let the dead past be:
New founts of joy are springing in the future that I see;
When the Hand that led her back to me shall break the bonds of pain,
And the rose come back to Lillie's cheek, and Lillie smile again.

Up, up, my hounds! 'tis Lillie comes. Ah!
quick to feel and see,
As children that with lighted looks crowd round her Christmas tree:
The land holds one wide feast this day; shall ye, too, not be fed?
Up! seize the gift from Lillie's hand, for love has blest the bread.

Nay, who shall call my soul to task that such a
thing I say?
Who made ye faithful unto death, save Him we praise this day?
Submissive, wait ye on her will, to shame me where I stand
Weeping, weeping, ever weeping the bowed lily of my land.

When hurrying restless to and fro to spread her
Christmas cheer,
Ere my heart leaps to catch her voice, ye tell me she is near;
For, like a current of quick thought ye course from her to me,
And I know my joy is on her way before her face I see.

Aye, lick her hand! Oh, faithful friend, that
was no Judas kiss!
That thou wert framed for man's rebuke, I read a sign in this:
Though her life's cross were thy life's loss, thou yet wouldst crouch and cry:
"Though pain be mine, for thee and thine am I content to die."

Lnath! 'twas you that 'neath the snow my pale,
pale lily found,
When wild the wintry snow-wreath whirled in mist from cloud to ground.
What led you, sirrah, on that quest? Methinks I hear you cry:
"I saw a Hand: I had command. She was not yet to die."

Old Tray! what mischief took you, sir, within
the smouldering tower,
When Lillie, torn from love and home, slept through the fearful hour?
Come, come, sir, answer with those ears—what moved you to the spot?
"The Star whose light makes day of night: the eye that sleepeth not."

Lion! a hireling nursed my flower, when, slipping from her hold,
My broken lily lay within the pit upon the wold.
What spirit veiled from human sight had drawn you to her side?
"I felt no fear: the way was clear: One was both light and guide."

So, so! Down, down! Too quick are ye to
read our looks, good sirs!
If in these eyes ye fill with tears a grateful thought but stirs,
Ye drink it like a well of heaven!—God gives us such a grace,
With sins so few, with eyes so true, to meet our Master's face!

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

A FEROCIOUS VISITOR.

It was in compliance with the mandate of my medical man that I found myself late one autumn, about a dozen years ago, at the little town of Quimper in Brittany, surrounded by the usual impediments of a married man on his travels. Not, indeed, that I intended my journey to extend much further at that time, for I had taken a fancy to the quaint old-world Breton country, and so long as I escaped the keen easterly winds of our English winter, I had free choice left me to pitch my tent for the next few months at whatever spot I might think best; and it seemed, both to myself and to those who were with me, that we might go further and fare worse.

When it was understood throughout the little town—and news of any kind seems to spread faster among our vivacious neighbors than among our more phlegmatic selves—that the English family at the *Lion d'Or* were in want of respectable country lodgings, we were literally inundated with offers of the most diverse kinds, and all more or less ineligible; ranging from a couple of lofts over a stable, to the huge château of a provincial magnate, more suited to the pocket of a millionaire than that of a poor painter; matters came to such a pass before long, that we could not venture as far as the market-place without being beset by two or three applicants, all eager to welcome us under their roof-trees, so that we were obliged after a time to meditate a secret flight, but were saved that necessity at the last moment, and espitally suited into the bargain.

About eighteen miles from Quimper there stands, or stood at the time of which I speak, for of its after-fate I have no knowledge, an old-fashioned house of considerable size, with high-pitched roofs, twisted chimneys, and dormer windows, known, appropriately enough, as *Maison Gris*. Gray enough it certainly was—a grim melancholy house, with a sort of desolate pride about it, like that of a decayed gentleman who cannot forget his better days; but wonderfully comfortable and home-like within doors. It stood fronting the south, surrounded by a piece of ground, half garden, half orchard, and more wilderness than either; before it, the high-road, that swept round to the left, and then dipped into a little hollow, where a hamlet lay snugly hidden; behind it, a stretch of undulating meadow, that swept gently upward to where a fringe of poplars crowned the horizon; beyond which were more fields, sloping downward till you reached the ever-shifting sand-dunes and the green waters of the Channel.

Maison Gris was two hundred years old, and had never belonged but to one family. Of this family, which pertained to the class of what we in England should call gentleman-farmers, the last scion preferred the gay *salons* of Paris to the quiet home of his ancestors, and had long been desirous of finding a tenant for the old house, and increasing thereby his somewhat limited income. The rent demanded was moderate in amount, and as we could find no other place that promised to suit us equally well, a bargain was quickly struck; and three days later, ourselves and baggage were comfortably installed in our new home. The house, to be sure, was far too large for the requirements of our small family, which consisted only of myself and wife, and our little girl, Mim, eight years old; my wife's sister, and two stout Breton lasses to wait upon us: but we put such of the rooms as we did not require under lock and key, and feminine tastes soon gave the others a comfortable homelike appearance.

Our life at Maison Gris was, of necessity, a very quiet one: many people might have called it a dull life, but we did not find it so. Our mornings were variously occupied: my wife's in looking after the needful domestic economies; Laura's in instilling into Mim's mind some of those multifarious items of knowledge which go to form the sum of a modern young lady's accomplishments; while I worked on steadily at my great picture, growing more in love with it from day to day, as, bit by bit, the idea I was striving to work out took shape and color under my brush. Our afternoons were mostly spent on the sands; and music, chess, and reading charmed away the evening hours. We had brought a tolerable box of books with us; and an intermittent shower of newspapers and periodicals kept us from stagnation, and told us how the busy world was wagging.

I had chosen one of the best apartments in the house for my painting-room. It had been the dining-saloon once on a time, and had a large mullioned window fronting the north, consisting of small diamond-shaped panes set in lead, with thin iron bars running across at intervals, and having the family lozenge let in, high up, in painted glass. After the fashion of the period from which this window dated, a small casement opened out of its middle compartment; but the hasp of this casement being defective, Mim had found out a ready way of opening it from the outside by means of a bit of crooked wire; and sometimes when I was busy with my brush and pallet, the minx would cease from trundling her hoop in the garden, and wait with her nose pressed against the window for the encouragement of a nod or a half smile; taking which as permission, she would manipulate for a few moments with her bit of crooked wire, which she kept on the sill outside ready for such emergencies, till the hasp yielded, and the casement opened, when she would creep demurely through, and steal on tiptoe to my side. Two doors opened into this room; one from a corridor which ran through the lower part of the house, the other from a corner of the verandah which led by a descent of two or three steps into the garden. Why I am thus particular in my description of this room, will appear by and by.

My great picture, as I have called it, and which I had fully determined in my own mind should be an advance on all my previous efforts, was a scene from *The Lady of Shalott*, where the boat, which the poor lady has found under the willows, is floated by the tide, with its silent burden, into "many-towered" Camelot; and "knight and burgher, lord and dame" crowd on to the wharfs, marvelling who this may be. But besides this, I had another picture on hand, to which I could turn for relief when the necessity for change came upon me. This second picture was a commission of my friend Sir Richard Thornfield, at whose house in the Peak I had been staying a short time previously; and had reference to a rather singular legend which had been current in his family for several centuries; for the Thornfields were quite ancient enough to have an apparition of their own, and however lightly they might seem to regard it, you could not touch them on a more tender point than by attempting to ridicule the family ghost. As is usual in such cases, the apparition never appeared except as a presage of death to some important member of the family; but there was this peculiarity about the Thornfield ghost, that it was never seen in proper person, but merely the reflection of it in a mirror. Suddenly, when you were quietly shaving, or arranging your cravat before the glass, you would see the reflection of a ghastly woman's face staring over your shoulder at your own face in the glass, with such a stony merciless glare in its unwinking eyes, as would for the moment freeze your very life-blood. Horror-struck, you would turn round, to see nothing; and when your eyes wandered instinctively back to the glass, the dreadful thing would be gone, not to reappear, perhaps, for several years.

But it was one instance in particular of the appearance which my friend was desirous that I should illustrate with my brush. The incident in question happened about eighty years ago, on the eve of the wedding-day of one of the daughters of the house. The baronet showed me her portrait in the gallery—a sweet young creature of eighteen summers, still, after all these years, looking out at the world with tender, serious eyes, in which one could not but fancy there was some presage of the sad fate in store for her. The morrow was to be her wedding-day; and late in the evening, she crept up stairs to her dressing-room to try on some of the pretty things in which she was to be apparelled the next morning. The white gauzy robe had been tried on and approved, and she was just in the act of winding a string of pearls into her hair, when, all at once, she saw the dreadful Face, with its Medusa eyes, staring intently over her shoulder at her own face in the glass. The smile died on her lips, and the gladness out of her eyes, as she looked. She turned and fled to her mother's room, to lose sense and motion the moment she felt herself within the shelter of those protecting arms; and in less than a week she was dead.

Such was the episode which my friend was desirous that I should depict. I had brought with me a sketch of the young lady's face, being desirous that my picture should be as accurate as possible in every particular; although hers was a face that, once seen by an artist, would not readily be forgotten. As if it had been put there to aid the purpose I had in view I found in the state-bedroom of *Maison Gris* an old-fashioned cheval glass, than which, with its fantastic framework of carved oak, nothing could have been more appropriate for the background of my picture. I at once caused it to be transplanted to my painting-room, and there it stood for several months, generally with a sheet of green baize thrown over it to keep it from the dust. When tired of the company of her ladyship of Shalott, I turned to my "ghost-picture," as Mim called it, by way of variety. Then was the glass unsheeted, and Laura, my wife's sister, would pose herself before it, as in the act of twining a string of pearls in her hair; while I transferred to my canvas the outline of her figure, the turn of her little head, the flowing masses of her chestnut hair, with the up-curved arms and the taper fingers holding the pearls. The two faces as seen reflected in the glass—that of the apparition peering blue-white over the bride's shoulder, and the girl's own face—I left till the last, or, rather, was waiting till some moment of inspiration should lend my fingers the necessary power to represent clearly on canvas the two faces as I saw them in my own mind.

Among the minor virtues of civilized life, that of early rising ought surely to be considered as one; and now that I was in *villegiature*, I fell back upon a primitive division of time such as may still be operative in far-away country places, but which it would be quite impossible to observe amid the countless employments and distractions of life in town. Thus, it not unfrequently happened that I rose with the first streak of daylight, and taking a couple of biscuits in my pocket, set out for a six miles' walk, getting back in time for our early breakfast; after which I generally felt myself in tune for a good spell of hard work. One autumn morning I got up as I had often done before, just as the sky was beginning to purple with the coming day; and slipping quietly down stairs, I opened the front door, and stood for a moment or two on the steps enjoying the delicious freshness of the morning. Whilst standing thus, the thought came into my head that it would be as well to take a peep into my painting-room, and see that everything was right there. On leaving off work the previous evening, I had left open the door leading into the verandah, in order that the room might be purified by morning from the smell of some turpentine which I had accidentally spilt. This door I had afterwards forgotten to shut before going to bed; and the idea now struck me, that it would be as well to see that no stray cat or dog had been playing any pranks among my brushes and colors during the night.

The door leading from the verandah into the painting-room was at an opposite angle of the house from that at which I was now standing, so I descended the steps leisurely, and walked across the grass-plot towards it, noticing as I did so, what I had never noticed before, that the old house looked older and grayer, showed the scars and brunts of age more clearly by that cold half-light of early morning than when seen at any other time, even under the bright sun of mid-day. As I stepped under the verandah, I saw with some surprise that the door in front of me was shut. It was a swing-door that shut of its own accord unless fastened back, and on leaving it over night, I had propped it open with a chair; but the chair was now gone, and the door closed. Wondering a little by what means this had come about, I pushed open the door, and went in. As I entered the room, I mechanically let go the door, which swung to, and shut me in; and the same instant I felt, rather by intuition than by the action of any more positive sense, that I was shut up with something that had no business there—with something terrible. I had but one brief instant to look round; the next, my wandering gaze fixed itself upon two great blazing eyes staring balefully out at me from a dusky corner of the room; but in that one second of time my mind took in the fallen chair, the great cheval glass in the centre of the room, my easel in one corner, a broken doll of Mim's on the floor; while other familiar objects further away in the big room still showed indistinctly through the dim gray light creeping slowly through the thick panes of the old window; then the eyes took me, and in that first awful shock with which the sight of them thrilled me, I think that I could hardly have turned my head away even to save my life. They glared at me unwinkingly from the semi-obscurity of the corner with a sort of concentrated ferocity in their glare which chilled my very heart's blood. To what strange monster crouching there, but half seen in that dim corner, did those fiery orbs belong? Not long was I left in doubt. With a snarl, low, deep, and ferocious; with an arching and bristling of its immense back; with its mouth grinning murder; with one crouching step backward, as if to give itself more leverage for a spring; and with one mighty rush, the Tiger was upon me. I fell as though smitten by a thunderbolt, a blood-red light danced for an instant before my eyes, and then came a darkness as of death.

My senses came back but slowly. I awoke by degrees to a consciousness of life, but of a life utterly dissevered from that of my former self. I was no longer the tenant of *Maison Gris*; I was no longer a nineteenth century unit struggling for my daily bread; I was a mummy in the heart of the Great Pyramid. I had been lying there as one dead for three thousand years, and now, by some strange process, which in no wise troubled me, I had been resuscitated; and it seemed only to follow in the natural sequence of things that I should awake and find myself the inmate of a gorgeous sarcophagus. I was not surprised. I gazed around me with interest, but without curiosity; I seemed to have been there before at some far-distant date, and nothing looked strange. But from the moment when I first opened my eyes, and even before that, as it seemed to me, I had felt the oppression of something ponderous on my chest, of a weight that seemed to grow heavier and deader every minute. What could it be? I tried to move my limbs, to lift my body into an upright position; but the cerecloths in which I was swathed from head to foot left me without the power to move even as much as a finger; and still that mysterious weight upon my chest was becoming more suffocating and deadly every moment. For some reason unknown to me, the lid had been lifted off my sarcophagus; a tender radiance shed by invisible lamps pervaded the vast apartment; and although I was unable to move my head and look round, I could gaze upward, and my eyes in their wandering circuit took in a considerable span of the flat roof overhead. On this roof were painted in vivid colors countless Egyptian symbols of gigantic size: the bull, the cat, the crocodile, the ibis, and the beetle, were represented again and again, together with innumerable other symbols, all of which seemed strangely familiar to me. Suddenly, while I was staring at the roof, I saw that the keystone was wanting, and that the whole immense fabric was slowly collapsing, gradually settling down, and must before long crush me, who lay directly under the apex of the pyramid—yes, crush me under the weight of a hundred thousand tons. Already, here and there, great cracks were beginning to show themselves; the lamps, too, no longer burned so brightly; the roof seemed to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

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Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

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A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

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THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

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be creeping down the walls, as though it were being let down by chains from above; every moment the air of the chamber was growing hotter and more stifling; every moment the deadly weight upon my chest was becoming more unbearable. Why had I been reserved for a fate so horrible—I, the last man left alive on all the earth? How had I sinned so greatly, that after a sleep of three thousand years, I should awake to the consciousness of a doom so dreadful? It was nearly upon me now, that terrible roof, with its gigantic figures, red, black, and blue, whose strange life-like eyes stared so intently into mine. I could almost have touched it with my hand, had I been free. Even now there was time to escape, if only those horrible cerements did not hold me so tightly. One last effort for life, though my heart should burst in the attempt. What rapture! the mummy-cloths were giving way, yielding one after another; and now but one remained—the one that bound my chest so tightly as almost to suffocate me. In a moment that too was gone. My heart gave a great throb of relief, and at once the whole vision faded into utter darkness; and with a groan, I opened my eyes, and came back to the affairs of real life.

Where had I been, and what had happened to me? Ah, the tiger! I remembered everything now. But even this reality, bad as it was, seemed hardly as terrible as the doom which threatened me in my dream, if a dream it could be called. That dull, dead weight upon my chest, which even in my half conscious state had seemed ponderous enough to gradually crush the breath out of me, was nothing more or less than the immense paw of the animal in whose power I now was, and the shifting of it had broken my vision just at the point where endurance ends, and madness or death supervenes.

In that first moment of semi-consciousness, after opening my eyes, I groaned slightly, and tried to turn over; but scarcely had I stirred a limb, when the tiger, which was crouching on the floor close by my shoulder, put forth his paw again, as though afraid I were going to escape him, and brought it down on the upper part of my right arm; at the same moment his claws shot from their sheaths like so many hidden poniards, and penetrated through the thick cloth of my shooting-coat deep into my flesh. A shriek of anguish involuntarily escaped my lips, to which the beast responded with a muffled roar; and then, for the second time, I fainted.

My poor scattered wits, on dragging themselves painfully together for the second time, seemed intuitively cognizant of the danger that beset me. Every nerve and fibre in my body seemed to whisper "Beware!" I was conscious of the presence of my terrible adversary before I opened my eyes; I felt that to move even an arm or a leg might be my death-warrant; I lay there like one dead, slowly gathering my energies to meet the ordeal still before me. At length, I ventured to open my lids a little way, and to take a silent observation of the enemy, and of my own position. The tiger was still crouched at full length within a couple of feet of my right shoulder, one paw protruded a little further than the other, ready, doubtless, to grasp me again, in case of any sudden movement on my part. He was a splendid brute, full grown, to all appearance, and gayly striped, after the immemorial fashion of his family; and under almost any other circumstances, I should have admired him hugely. Every quarter of a minute or so, he gave his huge tail a slow, solemn whisk, bringing it down with a dull thud on the uncarpeted floor. It seemed to me, but perhaps I was too fanciful, that there was a look of quiet satisfaction, of grim enjoyment about him, as he lay thus, gazing at me through contracted lids, with eyes of yellowish green, that never wavered or turned away for a single instant. He seemed to feel himself so thoroughly master of the situation, that he was in no hurry to proceed to extremities. Perhaps it was gratifying to his feelings to find one of the hated race of men so completely in his power. Occasionally, he opened his mouth to its fullest extent, and yawned silently; and it makes me shudder even now when I remember the terrible array of teeth visible at such times. Once and again, he would give his lips an anticipatory lick with his great red tongue, while his whiskers quivered like those of a cat that is watching a bird.

It was broad daylight by this time, and each of the familiar features of the room as I could see without stirring my head, were just as they had been left last night. The tiger, which I could only conclude to have escaped from some menagerie, had doubtless come prowling about the house in search of shelter, and finding the studio door invitingly open, had walked in, overturning the chair in his passage, and had made for himself a snug lair on some discarded drapery in one corner, till roused by my entrance. But for my carelessness in leaving open the door of the painting-room, I should never have found myself in this sad plight.

Instead of being close to the door by which I was standing when the tiger sprang upon me, I now found myself lying on a square of Persian carpet, and in close proximity to the second door, which opened out of a corridor in the house. Immediately opposite to me, on the other side of the room, was the large old-fashioned window of which I have already spoken, towards which the tiger's back was now turned. In a direct line between the tiger and the window, supported by two wooden uprights, and covered with green baize, stood the cheval glass, behind which the window was partly hidden, one side only of it being visible from where I lay. All this time, I had been gathering up my energies to meet the fate that loomed so imminently before me with whatever of courage and composure was possible to me. My chances of escape seemed very faint indeed, but none the less did I keep revolving one scheme after another in my brain—never more subtly active, never throbbing with a fuller life than in that hour of my extremity—only to reject them one by one as utterly hopeless. Alas! for me there seemed no help on earth.

A dull vague despair, in spite of my efforts to the contrary, was beginning to settle down over my soul, when, bringing my eyes to rest once more on the brute beside me, I saw, with a thrill of hope, that those unwavering eyes had closed at last. He was asleep, with one paw laid against my shoulder, ready to grasp me should I offer to stir. A small matter, truly, to cause me to thrill with hope, but I could not help accepting the fact, trifling as it was, as an augury of good promise. Lightly and delicately the tiger slept—as lightly as any maiden dreaming of her lover, and waiting for his coming. I ventured to open my eyes a little wider, and a moment afterward's, a sight met my gaze which stirred my soul to its very depths, and would have drawn from me some cry or movement of surprise, had not the painful lesson of a few minutes before been still so fresh in my memory. What I saw was the white agonized face of my wife peering in through that corner of the window not hidden by the cheval glass, and Laura's face, scarcely less anguish-stricken, gazing over her shoulder. They had discovered my dangerous position; would they be able to help me? My wife's eyes and mine met in a long, yearning, heartfelt gaze across the little space that kept us asunder. I had learned to read the language of those dear eyes years before, and their meaning was plain to me now. They told of love and pity in a way that no mere words could have done, and yet breathed, withal, a spirit of hope and consolation almost divine, as though wishing me not to forget that both her fate and mine were in the hands of a merciful Power, without whose permission not even a sparrow can fall to the ground.

Suddenly, Laura whispered something to my wife's ear, and a flash passed over the faces of both. Then Laura held up her hands in a way that made me grasp her idea in an instant. She was going to communicate with me by means of the manual alphabet—called by some people "the deaf and dumb alphabet"—with which we were both acquainted. One by one I spelled out the words as she formed them, letter by letter, with her fingers. Her first communication ran thus:

"Courage. We are praying for you with our hearts, and working for you with our heads. We are trying to devise some means of rescue, and do not despair of success."

Then they both kissed their hands to me, and went back out of sight. I knew that they would come again in a little while; that they had merely left me in order to talk over some scheme of escape. But what chance of escape was there indeed for me? None, none that I could discern.

Presently they returned, and Laura had Mim in her arms, whom she lifted up to look through the window at poor papa. The child was frightened when she saw the great brute beside me, and turning away, put her arms round her aunt's neck, and burst into sobs. A low growl from the tiger warned us all that the least disturbance might be fatal to me. Laura took the child away, but my wife remained by the window, her hands clasped one in the other, her head drooping against the stonework, gazing at me through the panes with tearless despairing eyes. In a little while, Laura and Mim came back; and Mim no longer terrified, now looked through the window at me, and smiled and kissed her hand. Then came another message, worked out by Laura's nimble fingers:

"We have thought of a plan, which, with Heaven's help, we hope will succeed. Lie perfectly still, and do not be surprised at anything you may see or hear. God bless you!"

A minute or two later, my ears, preternaturally alert during those terrible moments; indeed, all my senses at that time seemed to be preternaturally alive—detected a faint rasping sound, which I had heard many a time before, only this time it was fainter and more cautious than usual. It was the noise made by Mim when she opened the casement from the outside by means of her piece of crooked wire. Faint as the noise was, the tiger pricked up his ears, and gave utterance to another low, deep-throated warning. The noise ceased for a little while, to commence again about a minute later; and this time the beast did not deign to notice such a petty interruption of the prevailing quietude. In a little while the noise ceased, but whether the casement was now open or shut, I had no means of judging, hidden from view as that part of the window was behind the cheval glass. But even if they had succeeded in opening the casement, in what way could that fact conduce to my deliverance? Had I even possessed the tiger's full permission to use such a mode of exit, the casement was far too small to admit of my passing through it.

Laura coming back to the window, telegraphed to me for the third time with her fingers:

"All is prepared. Wait and be silent. Our hearts are with you."

Dear ones! that their hearts were with me, I never for one moment doubted; nor that whatever womanly wit, sharpened by the most devoted love, could do for my deliverance, would be accomplished by those two!

My wife, Laura, and Mim were now all gone, and I was left alone with the sleeping tiger. A short space of the most intense silence followed, and then my ear, hungering anxiously for some sound, detected a faint rustling in the direction of the window, but so faint, so like a whisper of silence itself, that in any ordinary mood it would not have reached my senses at all. Although his eyes were still closed, and he was to all appearance asleep, I saw by a slight pricking of the tiger's ears, that the noise had not been unnoticed by him. It was with a feeling of sickening anxiety, which I should vainly try to describe, that I awaited whatever might happen next.

Suddenly my heart gave a great bound, and I felt that there was some one in the room beside myself. There had been no noise, no movement, further than the one of which I have just spoken, and yet all at once I knew that I was not alone—knew it by some delicate, intuitive sense, by some subtle, spiritual affinity between myself and the intruder, which is as much a mystery to me now as it was then. The tiger, too, seemed to have had his suspicions aroused. First, his whiskers twitched nervously; then he half-opened his heavy lids, and glared at me with his yellow-green eyes, in which there was a smouldering ferocity that might leap into a blaze any moment; while his tail began to curve uneasily, and from his cavernous throat there issued a muffled growl of menace, long drawn out. Oh, the soul-wearing anxiety of those few moments! Even now I shudder when I recall them.

With half-shut eyes, I watched and waited. The intense silence of the room was unbroken. At once, without any warning sound or intimation of what was coming, I saw a wee white hand and slender white arm protruded from behind the cheval glass. "Great Heaven!" I cried to myself, "that is the hand and arm of my darling Mim!" and my eyes blurred over with tears, and all my heart went forth in a great silent cry to Heaven to protect and save my child.

When I could bear to look again, the hand and arm were gone, but the object for which so much had been ventured was safely accomplished. Fastened to the curtain of green baize which covered the cheval glass were two brass rings, and to one of these rings Mim's little hand had now succeeded in hooking a thin cord: so much I at once discovered, although for what purpose the cord had been thus attached, I was utterly at a loss to conceive. I was, however, far too anxious just then regarding Mim's safety to give more than a passing thought to any other subject, however strange. But so cautious, as well as brave, was my little darling, that not the faintest sound betrayed her presence, till, as I was afterwards told, she had reached the casement, and was about to be drawn through it by her aunt, when her foot slipped, and her head coming in contact with the stonework of the window, she gave utterance to a low cry of pain. That cry thrilled through me; but no sooner did the tiger hear it, than he started up with a roar that seemed to shake the room, and the same instant the claws of his right foot buried themselves in my shoulder, only to be withdrawn the next moment, so as to enable him to turn himself round, which he did with one sudden swing of his huge body, standing now with his face to the cheval glass and the window, from which point he evidently sniffed danger. Fortunately, he did not attempt to go near the window, otherwise poor Mim's fate must have been sealed before she could have escaped through the casement. As it was, the brute contented himself with standing directly over my body, and giving utterance to a series of terrific roars, such as might well have made the stoutest heart in my position quail with fear. Did some instinct dimly apprise him that he was in danger of losing his prey—that the dainty dinner of man-flesh which he had made his own so easily, and over which he had luxuriated for the last hour or two, dwelling in imagination on the delicious feast to come, was about to be spirited from him? Be that as it may, the tiger was quiescent no longer; the crisis of my fate, either for salvation or destruction, was evidently at hand.

Mim was safe by this time; I had a glimpse of her white face as the Breton nurse hurried with her past the window; and I could now afford to turn my mind to the consideration of my own danger; and truly my prospect of deliverance seemed at that moment a faint one indeed. The tiger's suspicions were thoroughly aroused. He had now taken to walking round and round me in an unending circle, sniffing at me from time to time, and growling to himself, while I lay with shut eyes simulating death as closely as possible. Suddenly he stopped in his walk, and fell back a pace or two from me; and at the same instant there burst from his throat a loud snarling yell, half of rage and half of fear. The cord hooked on to the ring by Mim had been pulled from outside the window; the sheet of green baize had fallen away from before the cheval glass, and the startled beast, turning at the sound, saw reflected therein another tiger and another man. With him to see and to act were one. His tail lashed his sides once or twice as he stood gazing for a moment at this intruder on his territory; then, still snarling viciously to himself, with contracted body, and all his huge muscles quivering with excitement, he worked his way backward almost to the door, so as to give himself more room for his spring; then all at once curving his body into an arch, and bringing his grinning muzzle nearly to the ground, he shot over me like a flash of yellow light, aiming straight at the reflection of himself in the glass. Carried by the immense impetus of his spring, he shot clean through the glass and the woodwork behind it, coming out on the other side, bleeding, and partially stunned, and quite as much frightened, I suspect, as either. But at the first sound of shivered glass, and before the scared beast had time to recover his presence of mind, the door behind me was suddenly opened, and my two good angels rushing in, seized me as I lay, and with a strength which at any other time would have astonished themselves, they lifted me lightly up, and swung me out of the room. It was the work of a moment. Laura's bold device had succeeded, and I was saved.

The rage of the tiger was something fearful when he found out how he had been tricked, and that his prey had really escaped him. Later on in the day came the caravan-people from whose custody he had escaped on the previous night shortly after feeding-time, and in such a quiet cunning fashion, owing to one of the keepers having imperfectly fastened a small grating at the top of his den, that his departure was not discovered till daybreak. He had subsided into a fit of sulks by the time the keepers reached Maison Gris, and neither coaxing nor threats could stir him out of the corner in which he had taken up his quarters, and there was no keeper bold enough to venture into the room to him. Ultimately, he was captured by means of a tempting shin of beef fixed in an iron cage, which he was obliged to enter before he could get at it, and once inside the cage his liberty was gone.

I was very ill for a long time, and nearly a year elapsed before my arm and shoulder were sufficiently recovered to enable me to use brush and pallet again. The scars I shall carry with me as long as I live.

My Cloud-Husband.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

IV.

"And I sit and think, when the sunset gold
Is flooding river and hill and shore—"

The hardest and bitterest of people cannot always be hard and bitter. I acknowledge I feel so usually. With a frankness which has at least the merit of perfect frankness, I own that such is the case.

I suppose that every human soul looks wearily back, more or less, upon its countless troops of golden "might-have-beens." I suppose that every living man and woman is haunted, more or less, with many a beautiful dream of the impossible. Every one of us, God help us! has some saintly, white ideal of beauty, or goodness, or perfectness in some shape, which never, never, by any mortal possibility, can be made real in this world. I believe it will be in the next.

But there are some people whose lives, through no fault of their own, are all might-have-beens, the very smallest, cheapest of whose ideals is never transmuted into the red gold of reality. Never; but blow after blow of that ugly trip-hammer, Disappointment, at last transmutes their own natures into steel. I do not blame them. There are those who become hard and bitter because they are put into the wrong places in this world, because their lives are cut up and salted away for them in some dismal pork-barrel of a place so long that no amount of soaking would ever take the brine out of them. Neither do I blame them.

For my pork barrel is a school-house.

This thankless business of school-teaching turns all life's bright into dark, all its sweet into sour. It is the monster devouring all the love, and gladness, and hopefulness in your nature; the eternal vulture eating out the heart of Prometheus chained to the rock. For is not its iron beak ceaselessly tearing and tearing at your very heart and soul, in return for the divine spark of knowledge you have bestowed upon the graceless young ones committed to your keeping? The woman who can lead the life of a school-teacher, and not become a cynic, a misanthrope, a cross-grained anatomy, is no school-teacher at all, but an angel in a linen collar and gingham dress.

I will tell you why I think so another time, but not now. I only mentioned it because that was my reason for growing hard and bitter towards nearly all mankind. For I am so in reality. I can imagine no concatenation of circumstance moving enough to make me shed a tear, and I find precious little that is funny enough to laugh at. I "move on" thoroughly selfish; I don't deny it, asking no favors, never offering any; with very little charity toward others, and none at all toward myself.

But there are better moods for me sometimes. It is when I dream my golden dreams of how fair life might have been to me. School-teachers have a many such. Because we have so little that is merry or sunshiny in reality, poor souls!

The oldest, oldest, sweetest of my lost dreams is one of a home on a river hill-side among beech trees and wild grape-vines, with sunset hills across the river—*and some other woman to mind the housekeeping.* There is such a house on the bank of a river I know, but will not tell where, the home of some good friends of mine. People who live in such a river home ought to be better and happier than others. Any way, when I am there, all my old, hated, wooden, school-teacher's life drops away for the time, and all around me seems but the eidolon of a glorified dream. And always, looking out over the water, I remember those two lines which my pen must write the second time, only for the exquisite music of them:

"And I sit and think, when the sunset gold
Is flooding river and hill and shore—"

So I sit and think for hours and hours.

It may be that some of the wild blood of my heathen ancestry has descended, pure and unmixed, to me. It may be that I am a heathen myself; I don't pretend to say, only I know that among the somewhat mongrel views which I have picked up of a future state, is the unorthodox one that a husband and wife who have loved each other dearly and faithfully here, will know and love each other just as well there, whither we are all journeying. Nay; better than here, for inasmuch as they shall be purified and exalted there, by so much the more will their sympathy be the dearer and truer.

Perhaps it is because I am a single woman that I hold this belief. I dare say that if I were really married, in my fond visions of heavenly bliss, the very last person I should want, would be—my husband. Be that as it may, I now believe that the same smile which has been our joy here, will beam on us there, that the soul which has looked out to us from the depths of beloved eyes here, will also be our light there. A pleasant doctrine, is it not, paganish though it be? Likewise I hold it true—smile, if you please, at the absurdity of the thing, but I hold it true that the men and women who go through this world alone, will find their twin spirits, their real mates, in the next. Ridiculous, doubtless, but who shall say that I am wrong?

I have always regarded it as a most fortunate thing that I had no real husband. I shouldn't know what to do with him. I could not tell where to put him. In point of fact, he would be most inconvenient to have around.

But I have my Cloud-Husband.

At the house on the river hill, when the sunset glory is burning across the water and glowing among the gorgeous, ineffable clouds, I always think of the wonders of Revelation, and that I too might say: "And I saw Heaven opened." For I have seen the faces of angels looking out from the sunset clouds. And behind the same veil of filmy gold I have seen—my Cloud-Husband.

He isn't in the least like any woman's husband I ever saw. I cannot tell you what his hair is like. I do not know the color of his eyes. I have but seen them looking down with an unspeakable brightness and an unspeakable tenderness; and those divine eyes, in all their brightness, all their tenderness, shone only for me. It is not often, only now and then, that I have caught a momentary gleam of his face. I never saw a face that was like it. It might be the countenance of some blameless knight of the old days of chivalry, far too lofty and sweet for any man in these days. You remember Sir Galahad says:

"My strength is as the strength of ten;
Because my heart is pure."

There was a patriot killed in the Union army, poet, soldier, enthusiast, hero, all in one, who mayhap, for I never saw him, might have looked like my cloud-picture. He never speaks to me. Those grand, mute lips utter no sound to my mortal ear, but there needs not speech to read the meaning of that beloved face, smiling when I am sad, companionful when I am lonely, and always gentler, more loving, holier than any face I ever heard or read of.

It is only the silly fancy of a tired schoolmistress, you know. It pleases me to imagine beautiful eyes bent pityingly upon me through a golden veil, a shining hand beckoning to me from the western sky across the river.

Imagine!

O, starry eyes! Shine ever down upon my thorny way, in your measureless deeps of untold love and sweetness, even till the blessed tears shall visit my own eyes, and draw me to the better life!

O, radiant hand, pointing evermore upward! Lead me, lead me out of this darkness into the light!

O, my Cloud-Husband! Life of my life everlasting, twin-spirit in the Eternities! Shall I find you *there?*

Tell me, O Clouds, in the land where I am going, far beyond your mountains of divine, fleeting whiteness, shall I find *him?*

But the clouds answer not.

ZIG.

How to Cure a Felon.—As we often see friends suffering with these very troublesome things, we publish the following cure for them, which we have heard highly recommended:—"As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia and wrap the part affected with cloth saturated thoroughly with tincture, and the felon is dead." An old physician says he has known it to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.—*Petersburg Index.*

Theory of Medicated Inhalation.

LETTER No. V.

SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION CONTINUED.

To the Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post.

SIR:—We stated in our last letter that in the early stage, the most common *symptoms of consumption* are *"dry hacking cough,"* a sense of *"shortness of breath on exertion,"* and *"increased frequency of the pulse."* Another symptom, which should lead us to suspect the health of the lungs to fail. During the course of the disease, it is usually present in some degree, but varies very much in intensity. It may be, the first indication of tubercles in the lungs, or not appear until after ulceration has taken place. In one case, it is a *sharp stitch* in the side; in another, a *dull aching* under the breast-bone; in a third, a sense of *burning*; while in a fourth we have only a feeling of *weight and oppression.* Its seat, too, is often distant from the part of the lung affected. It may be in the opposite side of the chest, or *low down in the side*, whereas tubercles are always deposited at the *top of the lung.* Sometimes we find the pain immediately over the part affected, but this is not usual. At times, the pain has very much of a *rheumatic* character; and at others resembles neuralgia. From this, it will be understood, that *pain* is a very unreliable symptom. It is no proof, that the lungs are sound, that the patient has never experienced any pain; since more than *one third* of those laboring under this disease, never have the least indication of it. The lungs, as a rule, do not manifest injury by pain; even *acute inflammation* is very rarely attended by any suffering. If there is *pain, soreness, aching, weight, or oppression*, however, it should be regarded as a suspicious circumstance, and the lungs immediately "sounded" to discover its cause. When considerable disease exists in *one lung*, patients sometimes find it uncomfortable to *lie on that side*, and the *sense of discomfort* produced by doing so is the only inconvenience they experience.

The *"losing a little flesh"* is often an early symptom of consumption. It takes place in many cases, even though the *appetite remains good*, and the food is abundant and nutritious. When a patient grows *thinner*, without any appreciable reason, the lungs should always be suspected as the cause. The same is true of those who *rapidly gain flesh*, and then as *suddenly lose it.* These changes merely indicate the changes taking place in the lungs. Still we do not always find *apparent loss of flesh* in the *first stage* of tubercles. In young women in particular, we very often find the lungs seriously affected, while they still retain their color and plumpness. But, as a rule, if we reduce the matter to a certainty, by weighing, we shall find a few pounds of difference between their present and former weight. If with the loss of weight, there is a disposition to *sigh*, a dark *discoloration below the eyes*, and a *quickened pulse*, with some *heat in the hands*, set it down as almost certain, that the lungs are affected. Still we have, in a few instances, known persons to *gain flesh*, during the whole of the first and second stages of consumptive disease, and that, too, where the tubercles were rapidly undergoing changes, which, if not arrested, must soon have ended fatally. Strong nourishment will sometimes improve the weight of persons, who are *hopelessly* affected, though the increase in weight exerts no beneficial influence on the disease itself.

The irritation, produced by tubercles, even in the first stage, will sometimes give rise to a sense of *chilliness*, followed by *slight fever*, in the after part of the day, and *perspiration* toward morning; but we do not *generally* have *hectic fever* and *night sweats* until *after* the tubercles *begin to soften.* As a rule, when the third stage commences, the patient feels chilly, as evening approaches. "After he gets into bed he discovers that his hands and feet burn, or feel hot, and toward morning he *perspires.*" For a time the perspiration is slight; but as the disease advances, often becomes so profuse as to drench the bed. About one in every *ten*, escape night *sweats* altogether, while fully *two* out of every *three* escape them, until *after the softening of the tubercles commences.*

In young females *irregularities* almost always occur *sooner or later*, and often this is the *first* and *only evidence* they have of disease. We examine the lungs, and are surprised to find them the seat of miliary tubercles. Too frequently, in such cases, strong medicines are given to restore the suspended function, and the careless physician only discovers his cruel mistake when his administrations have *aggravated* the pulmonary disease. The tubercles are then attributed to the suppression, when in reality they *are the cause which produced it.* When any doubt exists, the proper course for a patient is to submit the lungs to careful examination by a *physician specially skilled in pulmonary cases.* It would be too much to expect the medical attendant to confess an error of diagnosis, and yet few are so learned and experienced that they do not make many mistakes in the early stage of obscure cases, and in distinguishing between *purulent bronchitis and tubercular ulceration of the lungs.* Much of the mortality, caused by consumption, results from the hesitation and delay in adopting a *proper treatment in the early stage.* And this evil will continue so long as medical men resist the division of medical practice into specialties. It is only *by devoting exclusive attention to a class of diseases, so intricate and important as those of the lungs, that the physician can acquire the experience essential to correct diagnosis and successful treatment. We mean no disparagement of our professional brethren when we say that the general practitioner, however skillful, has neither time nor sufficient opportunities to become a good stethoscopist; and yet, while he continues to treat consumption the lives of his patients hang upon his skill in this respect.* The remedies employed depend on the *stage* and *form* of the disease, and no physician can successfully treat a patient, while he is *in doubt* and *uncertainty* as to the *nature* and *extent of the pulmonary affection.*

Your obedient servants, R. & J. HUNTER.

NOTE.—Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, of the above firm, can be consulted personally or by letter, at 1318 Chestnut street. Shortly Drs. H. and R. intend publishing a series of articles on the different varieties of consumption, its curability and treatment.

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dec9-nowtf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID S. CRAIG to Miss ALICE B. WARREN, both of this city.
On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. CHARLES A. JOHNSON to Miss MARY A. MOSLEY, both of this city.
On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Calhoart, Mr. JOHN W. SHUBERT to Miss KATE GANNON, both of this city.
On the 24th of Dec., 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN HALL to FANNIE MEATER, both of this city.
On the 21st of Dec., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JOHN MCCULLOUGH to Miss MARGARET HAMILTON, both of this city.
On the 14th of Dec., by the Rev. Mr. Cookman, Mr. FRANK RAYMOND to Miss SALLIE FRAUT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Dec., ISAAC CRAWFORD, in his 77th year.
On the 20th of Dec., WILLIAM BOYER, in his 66th year.
On the 26th of Dec., JOHN LYONS, in his 59th year.
On the 25th of Dec., JOHN PEACOCK, in his 38th year.
On the 25th of Dec., Mrs. SARAH FAYLE, in her 73d year.
On the 24th of Dec., Mrs. ISABELLA W., relict of the late Rev. Jos. Lybrand, of the M. E. Church.
On the 24th of Dec., Mr. JAMES STARR, in his 61st year.
On the 26th of Dec., Mrs. ELIZABETH W. MILWARD, aged 51 years.
On the 23d of Dec., SARAH SITER, in her 82d year.
On the 23d of Dec., CHARLES F. ROSER, in his 36th year.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

THE JANUARY number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "THE FOREST GLEANER," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate, "THE HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET," which the ladies say is magnificent. The LARGE DOUBLE COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casaques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons;" "Clarice," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," "Stories of our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Illness," by Florence Percy; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

STEEL PLATE—THE FOREST GLEANER.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Stephen Wharton's Will—Children's Winter Coats—Net, with Corlet's of Wax Beads—Border for a Jacket, Burnous, &c.—Winter Dress for a Little Girl—Handkerchief Vignette.
MUSIC—Ferguson's Polka.
STEPHEN WHARTON'S WILL.
CHILDHOOD. By STEEL PARK.
"PEACE." By EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.
MRS TRUNK. By FRANCES LEE.
MY PILLOW AND I. By MARCIA HOPE.
SUMMER RAIN. By S. FILLMORE BENNETT.
"A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE." By LUELIA WALTER.
SONG. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
PAUL'S STORY; OR, FRENCH LESSONS. By TRACY TOWNE.
CLARICE. By AUGUST BELL.
THE TWO NIGHTINGALES. By AUBER FORESTIER.
PRAYER. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
THE INSPIRATION OF WINTER.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
IN LINENESS. By FLORENCE PERCY.
LINES. By IDA MASON.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. HEYDON.
TWILIGHT MUSINGS. By AUNT ALICE.
LOVING MARY. By JENNIE TEMPLE.
ARTHUR'S WIFE.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. With Illustrations.
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Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

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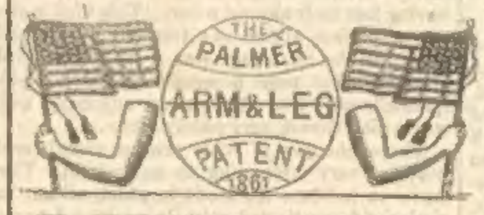

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WIT AND HUMOR.

All Drunk.

A young sprig of a doctor once met, at a convivial party, several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very heavy brick (or, in plain language, to make him gloriously drunk), which they accomplished about ten o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted upon going, and the party accompanied him to the stable to assist him to mount his horse, which they did with his face to the animal's tail. "Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow." "So you are," exclaimed one of the wags; "get off, doctor, and we will put you on right." "Get off the devil!" hiccoughs the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse around, and it will come right—you must all be drunk."

"SIR, your journal of yesterday contained false information." "Impossible, sir! But tell me, what do you allude to?" "You said that Mr. M. had been tried." "True." "Condemned." "Very true." "Hung." "Most true." "Now, sir, I am that gentleman himself." "Impossible!" "I assure you it is a fact; and now I hope that you will contradict what you have alleged." "By no means, sir." "How! What do you mean? You are deranged." "I may be so, sir, but I will not do it." "I will complain to a magistrate." "As you please; but I never retract. The most that I can do for you is, to announce that the rope broke, and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir, I never deceive."

A WESTERN correspondent says: In a district in the Far West we had a gentleman teacher who thought it advisable to give some lessons in politeness. Among other things he told the boys in addressing a gentleman they should always say "Sir," and gave them examples, and made quite a lesson of it. One boy was particularly delighted, and took occasion to speak to his teacher often, to show he profited by his teachings. When he went home to dine, his father said: "Tom, have some meat?" "Yes, sir, I thank you." The next thing the child knew, his father's hand came whack on his ear, and his father's voice thundered forth: "I'll teach you to sass your dad!" Tom gave up being polite.

"SIR," said one man to another who hesitated about benefitting himself at the expense of the reputation of a certain individual, deceased, "You are notoriously an immoral man, and almost the utter opposite of a Christian, though you say you believe in heaven. Why do you hesitate then in a matter like this?" "Because, sir," was the grave reply, "the late Mr. ——, though a peaceful man, hated anything sneaking; and I fear that if I should take advantage of his death, I might meet him in heaven, *and he'd lick me like blazes.*"

"I SAY."—A gentleman who was in the habit of larding his discourse with the expression, "I say," having been informed by a friend that a certain individual had made ill-natured remarks upon this peculiarity, took the opportunity of addressing him in the following amusing style of rebuke: "I say, sir! I hear say you say I say 'I say' at every word I say. Now, sir, although I know I say 'I say' at every word I say, still I say, sir, it is not for you to say that I say 'I say' at every word I say."

A SCOTCH gentleman who called on the late President Lincoln, and heard with great satisfaction some compliments paid to his countrymen, ventured to hope that Mr. Lincoln could trace his genealogical tree back to a Scottish root. "Ah," said he, laughing, "I was raised on the prairies, where there are no trees at all."

TWO sons of Erin were standing by a hydraulic press superintended by a friend of mine, when one called out to the other: "Jim, I'd like to put ye under and squaze the *divil* out o' ye." "Would you, indade, my boy!" was the answer. "Squaze the divil out o' you an' there'd be *nothing left!*"

"SIR," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," drawled his opponent, "but to judge from your size, appearance, and constant buzzing, I should think you belong to the class generally called *in*-sect."

A LADY, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, said to Rodgers, the poet, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man," replied Rodgers, "it's just like him."

MR. ADAM SMITH, hearing his servant complain of a pain in his back, said to him: "The pain, John, is not in your back; it is in your mind." "'Deed Sir, replied John, "gif ye'll tak' it out o' my back and pit it in my mind, I'se be singularly obleeged to ye."

A PERSON was relating to a son of the Emerald Isle how one of our generals had gained a victory with only a few hundred men on his side, when Pat said: "An' he had siveral hundred men on his side?" "Yes." "Be gorra, wasn't his ribs strong?"

"GOOD news, Belhoul," said a wag at Bokora, "the Caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom." "Prepare then," said Belhoul, "to obey my commands."

"WHERE do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveller. "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail, so mind your own business."

AN Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property. "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said the minister. "Yes, your riverence, and the nagers, too."

"I SEE him on his winding way," said Mrs. Jenkins, as she saw Mr. Jenkins cork-screwing his way home, just as the shades of twilight were creeping over the landscape.

WHY are seamstresses not admitted into so-called fashionable society? Because the shoddy and codfish aristocracy think there is no gentility in them whatsew ever.

SOMETHING LIKE A CELEBRITY.

OPERATOR.—"See that gen'l'man, sir, a-brus'in' of 'is 'air? Extrawnary man, sir! Wonderful genius, sir!"

PATIENT.—"Indeed! Who is he?"

OPERATOR (mysteriously).—"That, sir! That is *our post!*"

White Blackbirds.

However absurd the contradiction of adjectives may appear on paper, white blackbirds are by no means of extraordinary rarity in nature. It is seldom that any large bird-show takes place where some few do not put in an appearance. At the very successful exhibition of cage birds held during the week at Southampton, there was shown one cock blackbird perfectly white, the legs, beak, and even the eyes having lost their natural color. This bird in fact was a perfect albino—as testified by its pink eyes. In the next cage was a blue blackbird, or rather what most persons would term a pale slate-colored bird. And in an adjoining cage was a pied thrush very nearly white.

These changes of color are not merely curious, but very interesting to naturalists. They serve to indicate the mode in which all our varieties of domesticated animals originated, namely, by men's taking advantage of some accidental variation of color or form, and protecting the breed.

Little or nothing is known respecting the causes of these most singular variations. They occur in many birds, and strange to say, with most frequency in those that are naturally black; thus, white blackbirds are much more frequent than white thrushes. White rooks, white ravens and jackdaws, are more common than the white partridges or plovers. This accidental change of color must not be confounded with that wonderful provision of nature by which the plumage of many birds inhabiting the snow-clad districts of the icy north is rendered white during the winter. The object of this latter change is evidently concealment. The brown ptarmigan lying on the snow would be an object readily distinguished by the keen eye of a hungry hawk, but in its white dress it rests in comparative safety. Every naturalist has observed the close approximation of the colors of animals to those of the substances on which they repose. The color of the hare, like that of dried leaves, is familiar to all. This change goes on to a much greater degree than most persons are aware of.

Only a short time since a very distinguished courser noticed a hare I had just received as a present, when he indicated the locality from which it came. I inquired how he could possibly tell, when he said that the color at once indicated the district, adding that hares took their color from the soil, those on the red sandstone being much brighter than their more dingy brethren from the black alluvial soil of more fertile localities.

Manners and Morals in Rome.

The Turkish women all sleep in nightcaps, and the Greek with all their clothes on. The Roman women, their husbands and their children, all sleep stark naked. At Paris it is *malpropre* to sleep in one's stockings; at Rome to sleep in a shirt. A lady had commissioned M. Edmund About, the French novelist, (at least so he says,) to carry a present to her foster-sister, married to a locksmith of Borgho. We went early in the morning, and knocked. "*Chi,*" exclaims a voice. He told his errand. "Excuse me," replied the man, "I am not dressed." "What does that signify?" "Come in then." He enters. The locksmith, stark naked, received him with a low bow, and led him to his wife, who was in bed in the same state. On seeing the present, a silver watch, she screamed with joy, and thereupon four plumeless bipeds, two sons and two daughters, emerged from a neighboring bed.

The bath at Rome is a luxury beyond the reach of the lower class. "What do you take me for?" replied a Roman damsel; "I am a virtuous girl, and I do not dip my body in water." The same mode of thinking was once prevalent in other countries. Miss Berry, in her "Social Life of England and France," speaks from personal recollection of a time when the use of warm baths by the fair sex was far from being deemed emblematic of purity or propriety; and most readers will remember Lady Mary Wortley Montague's reply to the French lady who suggested that her hands would be improved by a little "soap and water:" "Ah, madam, if you could see my feet!"

☞ "I SAY, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalepsy dat befel Phillias?" "Of course I didn't; what was it?" "You see, the doctor ordered a blister on her chist; well, as she hadn't no chist nohow, she put un on de bandbox, and it drawed her new pink bonnet out ob shape, and spile un entirely."

FEW people understand how deeply and silently a child may suffer.

A TEA never indulged in by gossips:—Charity?

☞ ONE very cold night a doctor was aroused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked "Who's there?" "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

WHY is President Johnson like Chimborazo? Because he's the greatest of all the *Andies.*

WHEN is an undertaker like one of his own jobs? When he's a coughin'.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A PHILADELPHIA CORN-FIELD.

Our brief notice sometime in August of Mr. Joseph Kaign's Jersey corn-field, brought out several invitations from farmers to walk over and see tolerable good corn growing elsewhere than in Jersey. Among these invitations was one from Mr. Samuel Morton, proprietor of the beautiful Morton Homestead Farm, situated on the line of the N. P. Railroad, near Green Lane Station, and adjoining the property of Judge Kane, Pierce Butler, Esq., and others—all, we think, Philadelphians.

Now, with a good many other uneducated people, we always considered the region round about Philadelphia to the distance of a dozen miles or so, fit only, as a general rule—for making the very best and handsomest bricks made in this world. Recent investigation has taught us that the soil of Philadelphia county is adapted to a good many other purposes than the manufacture of superior bricks. We know now it will produce superior crops of nearly all kinds of grain, and under proper treatment vegetables equal to any in the world. A visit to the farm of Samuel Morton, Esq, has convinced us that Philadelphia county can produce corn quite equal to anything ever grown on the hither side of the Alleghanies.

We found Mr. Morton's hundred-acre farm, in all its native features, except the everlasting cobble stone, so exact a counterpart of the fine old Jay estate of Westchester county, N. Y., that had the modern residence of the Mortons been displaced by the old-time Governor Jay mansion of the Revolutionary days, the resemblance would have been a *fac simile.*

The surface of Mr. Morton's farm is everywhere rolling, but nowhere so broken as to make the surface inaccessible to the plough. The soil is uniformly deep, light, sandy loam, everywhere in its cultivated surface glistening with flakes and particles of mica, indicative of a condition well adapted to all the cereals, grass, and every variety of root crops. We traversed several meadow and pasture fields with gentle inclinations and equal in beauty to any on the face of the earth.

Mr. Morton does not carry on the farm himself, but employs a farmer who works it on shares, and the thrift everywhere apparent is proof positive that the present executive is a man fully acquainted with his business, and determined to attend to it. Last year the market sales from the place averaged $800 per month, but truck-growing is only a sort of adjunct to the regular business of grain and grass-growing.

The corn-field, which we have thus approached by a round-about way, contains twelve acres, and at the date of our visit—from the 12th to the 18th of September, was ripe and ready for harvesting. The corn as it stood in the field, presented an appearance such as we have never in any instance seen in a corn-field elsewhere. The peculiar features of the field were a perfect uniformity in the size and height of stalks, height of the ears from the ground, size of ears, and what was a phenomenon to us, there were no barren stalks, no "nubbins," and every ear, without a single exception that we saw, was filled entirely out—the end of the cob rounded over with grains of sound, solid corn.

The field was planted in rows both ways, four feet apart, four stalks to the hill, each stalk bearing only a single ear, but all bearing very large and sound ones.

There was neither extraordinary preparation of the soil or unusual manuring, and the crop, Mr. Morton informed us, was got in rather late. It was frequent, thorough, and clean culture *during the early period of growth,* that made that model corn-field, which will give eighty-five bushels to the acre. A fact that farmers everywhere who intend to produce good corn crops, will do well to remember.

More Muck.

Notwithstanding our recent plain talk upon the subject and decidedly earnest advice to farmers to utilize their muck mines, here we have within five weeks some dozen or so farmers—readers of THE POST—who probably went to sleep some rainy afternoon over our former article, or having read, and forgotten it, writing to us, asking how they shall make their muck and marsh mud available as a manure.

So we have to write the thing all over again, or say something else equivalent to it, or lie under the imputation of being an old "*Muff,*" too bearish to answer questions. Now the Agricultural space in the *Saturday Evening Post* is so limited that repetitions in it of any subject in it is particularly objectionable, and if those who think us capable of telling them something they wish to know, will be pleased to write to us plainly, giving their names and Post-Office address, we will cheerfully devote an extra hour each night in the week to replies by letter—each one paying his own postage, in preference to repeating what we have already said in print. Is that fair—fellow farmers? Yes—Very well. Then wake up—Listen—And let us lay hold of the *Muck* again.

As we have said before pretty plainly, all muck and swamp mud is the very cream of the soil, back-slidden from a condition of usefulness, and gone into one of absolute worthlessness so long as it is suffered to remain a cold, inert mass, in or under water. It is the duty of every farmer having a deposit of such material to bring it out of that and make it subserve his interest as a powerful and perfectly natural fertilizer of the soil.

In almost all instances these swales, swamps, bogs, and muck beds are susceptible of drainage, and where that is possible draining is the initial step proper to be taken towards securing and returning to duty the runaway material.

Muck taken from deposits in regions long cleared and under cultivation, is the most natural, and probably the most valuable fertilizer that can be applied to the soil for the reason that it is composed of particles uniting all the elements of plant life from a progressed order of vegetation so that under proper conditions it affords the element most readily assimilable by all our grains, plants and grasses.

But muck, as it comes raw from its cold, wet bed, is by no means suitable food for any sort of vegetation. It is a sour, inert, poisonous mass that will kill, instead of imparting life, strength and vigor to plants. It requires regeneration—humanizing. But let us drag it out from its cold, oozy bed first, and that season of the year when farm work is the least pressing, when streams are at their lowest, when the least water stands in the swamps and marshes is the most proper time to perform that operation.

Muck should invariably be deposited under cover as it is hauled from the swamp or bog, as it is so very soluble, and will if left outdoors run off like young partridges with every shower. The material ought never to be heaped up in large masses. Its condition won't improve a mite in that way. You might as well leave it in the bog for all the service it will do you if you bestow no other treatment than that upon it.

Perhaps the most judicious treatment of muck is, to dump down under cover, two one-horse cartloads of it, scatter over it half a bushel of any common, refuse salt, over the salt two bushes of slaked lime, and then cover with three cartloads of the best loam you can dig up about head lands, fence corners and nooks where you cannot very well get the plough in. Then begin and rotate again with muck, salt, lime and loam, and continue until you have got all you can get under cover—you can never have too much of such material.

When cold, freezing weather shuts up your muck trade, begin at digging over your compost pile, and continue the digging over at every leisure opportunity all winter, until you have thoroughly amalgamated all the constituents.

For corn—manure in the hill a double handful to each—potatoes, manure in the furrow—for spring wheat, oats, and barley, or for winter grain, sow broadcast, from twelve to fifteen one-horse cartloads to the acre.

RECEIPTS.

Selected.

CHOCOLATE MANOR.—Three ounces of French isinglass, dissolved in a very little cold water; put on a quart of new milk to boil, grate half a cake of vanilla chocolate, and stir in the milk; then let it simmer, and add the dissolved isinglass; let this all simmer five minutes; then pour into a mould, and when cold and jellish, turn out and serve with cream.

COCOANUTS STEWED.—Grate two cocoanuts very carefully; dissolve one pound and a half of white sugar in very little water; when dissolved, let it simmer slowly five minutes, when the watery particles are all evaporated, stir in the grated cocoanut; add one wine-glass of white wine, one wine-glass of rose-water, stir these well; have ready some paste puffs baked, and when wanted for table, fill them with the stewed cocoanut.

RUM JELLY.—To one quart of white wine add one pound of crushed sugar; dissolve one ounce of isinglass thoroughly in cold water; strain through a sieve; mix this with the syrup of sugar when the syrup is milk warm, and when nearly cold pour in the white wine, stir these well together, then add one wine-glassful of the best Jamaica rum, pour it into moulds to get cold; this is very nice for evening parties, and is used on the continent.

SALMON BOILED.—Select a fresh and firm fish, wash and prepare it for dressing. Lay it on the strainer, sprinkle salt over it very thickly; then cover it plentifully with cold water, let it warm slowly, and only simmer, allowing for one of eight or nine pounds, three quarters of an hour or an hour slow boiling. For sauce, make a drawn butter, and chop finely some parsley and stir it in; boil an egg, cut it in slices and lay on the fish. Garnish with sprigs of parsley. Serve hot. Walnut catsup is necessary with boiled fish at table.

BOILED FRESH MACKEREL are prepared in the same way as the other fish. Sauce, drawn butter.

BOILED SHAD.—When in season, the most delicate manner of dressing a shad, is with drawn butter sauce.

BOILEAU.—Ten pounds of the second cut of the rump; have the bone taken out; take a spoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, black pepper, and salt, sweet-marjoram, and sweet basil rubbed fine; rub the ingredients well into it, roll it up tightly, and tie it; put it on in a pot half full of water, with four potatoes, two carrots cut lengthwise, two onions, and let it stew six hours.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 17, 21, 24, 16, is one of the Poles.
My 22, 4, 11, 19, 7, 8, is a verb.
My 13, 3, 23, 25, 19, 16, is what we all would like.
My 10, 6, 7, 8, 14, 9, is a girl's name.
My 13, 26, 25, 15, 23, 21, is a boy's name.
My 20, 17, 18, 15, is a troublesome disease.
My 16, 9, 26, 29, 19, is a vital part of the human body.
My 17, 16, 14, 28, is a state.
My 5, 23, 10, 11, 12, 21, is one of the tropics.
My 5, 28, 29, 3, 23, is a peninsula in Asia.
My 2, 21, 23, 10, 20, 12, is a tropical fruit.
My 27, 25, 18, 9, is a color.
My 27, 18, 20, 7, 3, is a musical instrument.
My 13, 18, 6, 23, 19, is a kind of grain.
My 9, 23, 13, 21, 22, 10, 5, 12, is a large river in Canada.
My whole is an old adage. C. M. B.
Mogodore, Ohio.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY "JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR."

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 10, 6, 21, is a pistule.
My 17, 6, 19, is a color.
My 8, 3, 5, 20, 7, is a reptile.
My 14, 11, 6, 13, 20, is a species of smooth stone.
My 2, 3, 6, 12, 15, 14, is a primary planet.
My 3, 9, 18, 7, 20, 5, 6, 19, 4, is a travelling preacher.
My 19, 12, 11, 20, is a large river.
My whole is the motto of one of the United States.
Cincinnati, O.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a kind of grain.
My 2nd is a fish.
My 3rd is an organ of the body.
My 4th is a girl's name.
My whole is a valuable stone. S. H. G.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY "CINCINNATUS."

A Turkish Emperor.
An edged tool.
An animal.
A country of Africa.
A large river of Asia.
My initials and finals form two states of the Union.
Cincinnati, O.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The area of a right angled triangle is 10 acres, and the hypothenuse is to the perpendicular as the angle opposite the base is to the angle opposite the perpendicular. Required—the sides of the triangle.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

Philosophical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pendulum which vibrated seconds at the level of the Pacific was found to vibrate but 3596 times in an hour on the top of Cotopaxi. Required—height of the mountain.

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter *S* like a wedding-day? Ans.—because it is the beginning of sorrow.

☞ Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? Ans.—Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

☞ Why is a man who walks round a greenhorn, like a garter? Ans.—Because he goes round *the calf.*

☞ Why is rheumatism like a glutton? Ans.—Because it attacks the joints.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Wisdom, Justice and Moderation. ENIGMA—Improve every moment to something valuable. ENIGMA—Philadelphia. CHARADE—Childhood (child—hood.) DOUBLE REBUS—Jupiter, Neptune, (John, Ultramarine, Philip, it, tan, Erie, Rome.)

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of Nov. 11th—970, 18.43 and 21.63 inches respectively.—Gill Bates. Distance from angular points are 9.4 inches, 18.5 inches, and 21.75 inches.—Morgan Stevens. 9.7011, 21.626, and 18.413 inches respectively.—J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Nov. 4th—35,242 horses' power.—J. M. G. and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Aug. 26th—32206.59266 miles vessel will sail before it arrives at the Pole.

Answer to Morgan Stevens; July 1st—90 inches.—M. S. and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of July 1st—12 inches.

"WHY, Bill, what is the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Pete, I guess if you had been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "You know Sarah Salvels, don't you, Pete?" "Yes." "Well, I discarded her last night." "You did! What *for?*" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me; and I'd discard any gal that would treat me in that way."

"AH, dear doctor, how is my wife to-day?" The doctor shook his head and said—"You must prepare for the worst!" What," said the husband, "do you think she is likely to get over it?"